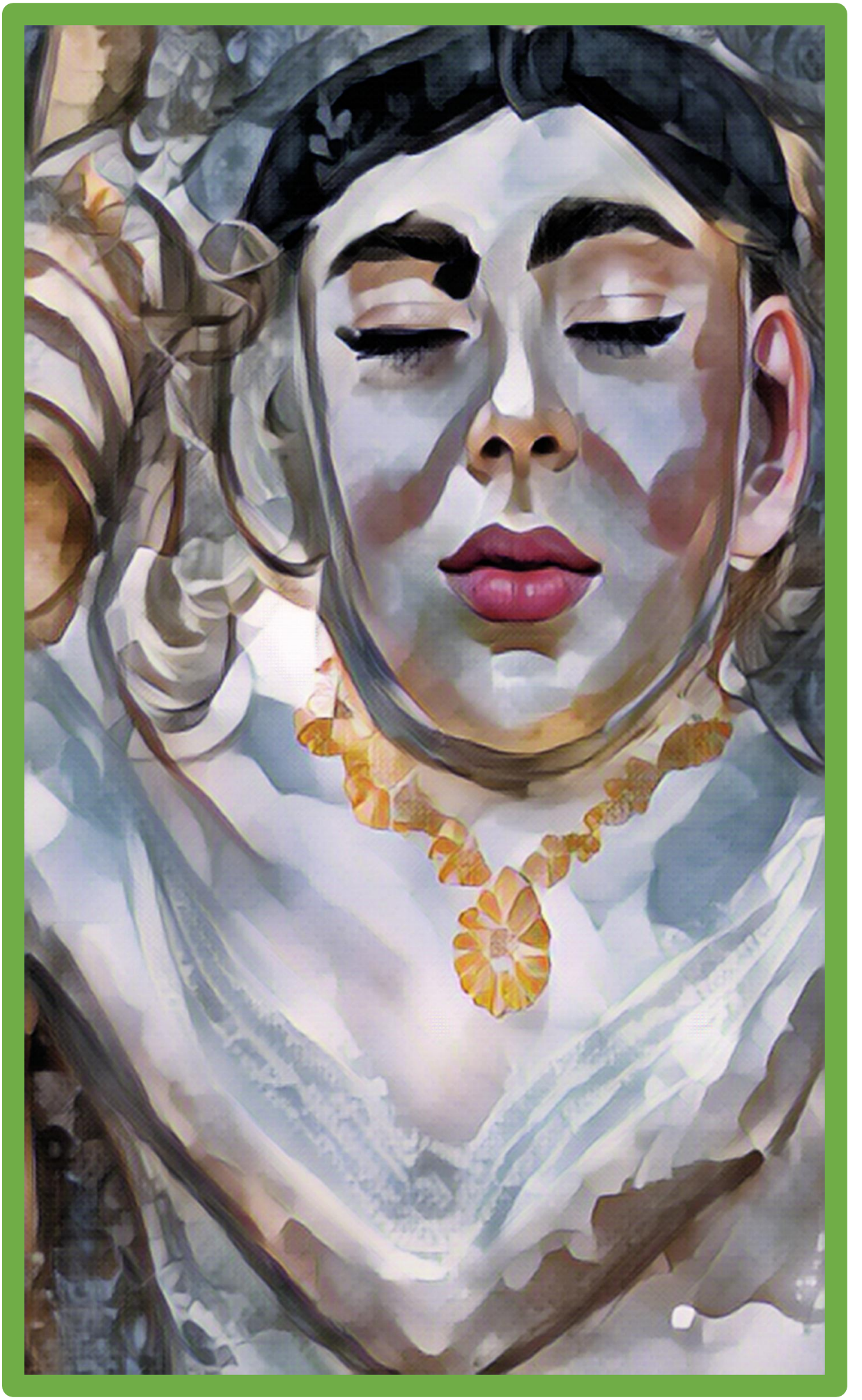
WHY SO ANGRY?

Emil

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. 2025

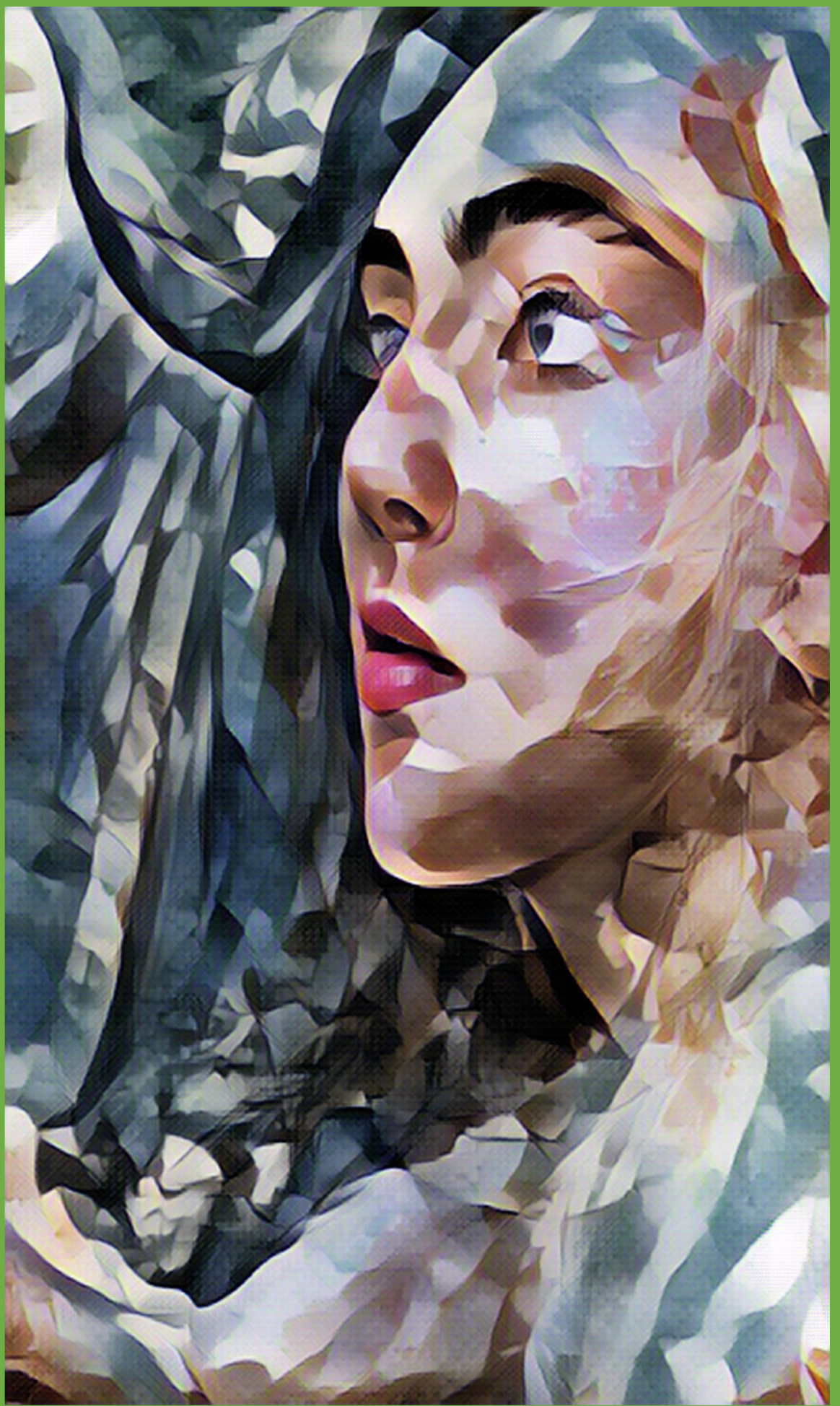


WHY SO ANGRY?

I approached her with genuine concern, asking, *“Why do you seem to be perpetually angry?”* My intention was not to exacerbate the already tense situation, but rather to understand the root of her frustration.

I could see the weight of her emotions pressing down on her, and I felt compelled to reach out, hoping that by addressing the issue directly, we could find a way to alleviate some of the tension that hung in the air.

It was important to me that she knew my question came from a place of empathy, as I wanted to



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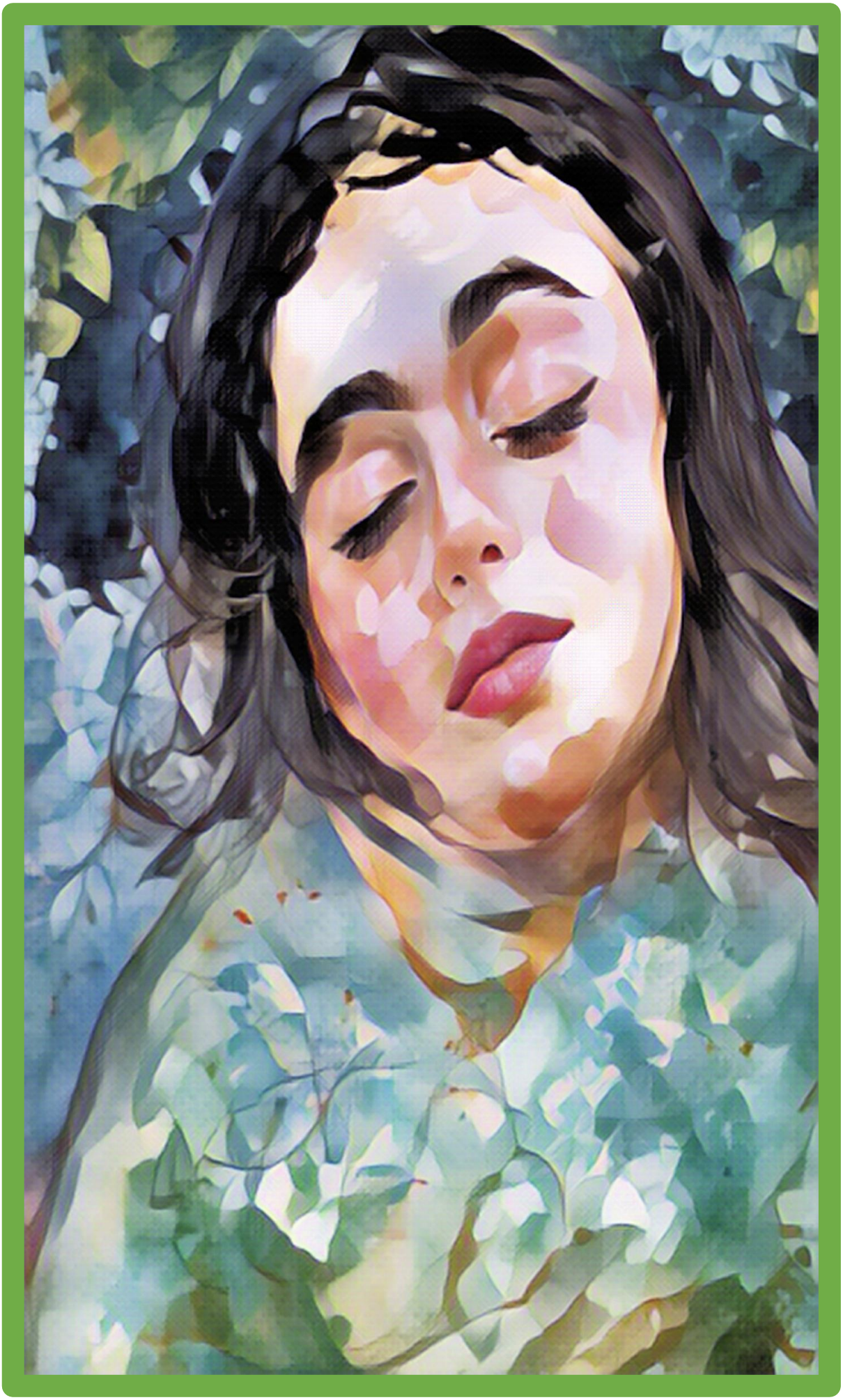
create a space where she could express herself freely without fear of judgment.

As the night deepened, we found ourselves ensnared in yet another tempestuous descent reminiscent of Virginia Woolf's most chaotic moments, where debauchery and intoxication reigned supreme.

The air turned crisp and biting, a stark reminder of the early winter's harsh embrace.

Our eclectic assortment of dubious substances, procured from our ever-enthusiastic local pharmaceutical dealer, had proven disappointingly



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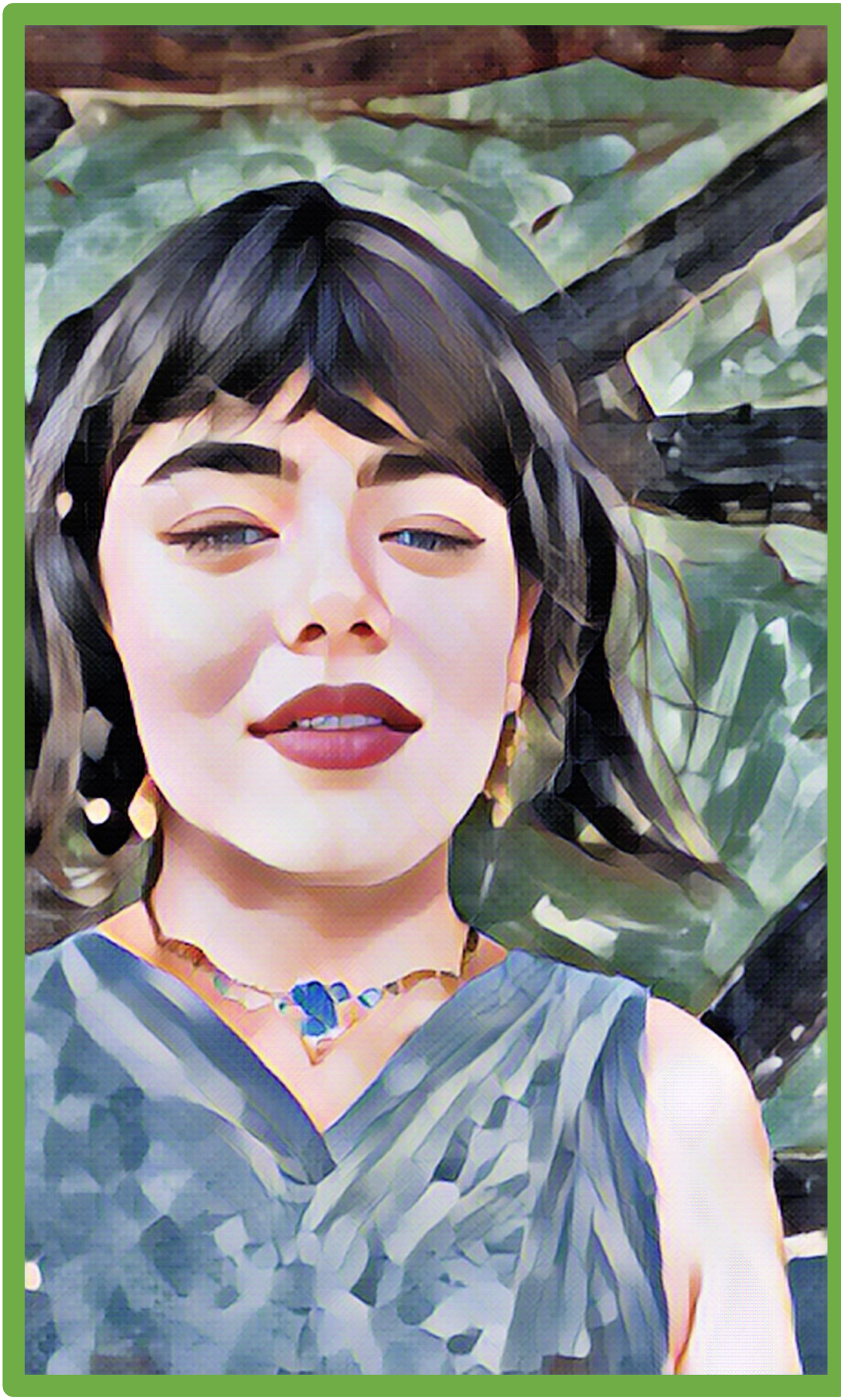
ineffective, failing to deliver the promised escape from the relentless chill that seeped into our bones.

Instead of providing warmth or solace, the bitter cold only intensified, leaving us to grapple with the stark reality of our surroundings as the storm raged outside, a fitting backdrop to our own internal turmoil.

The assortment of contemporary miracle medications, which I have been assured can transform lives and embody the age-old adage of "Better living through Chemistry," failed to mitigate the biting chill of the wind that swept through



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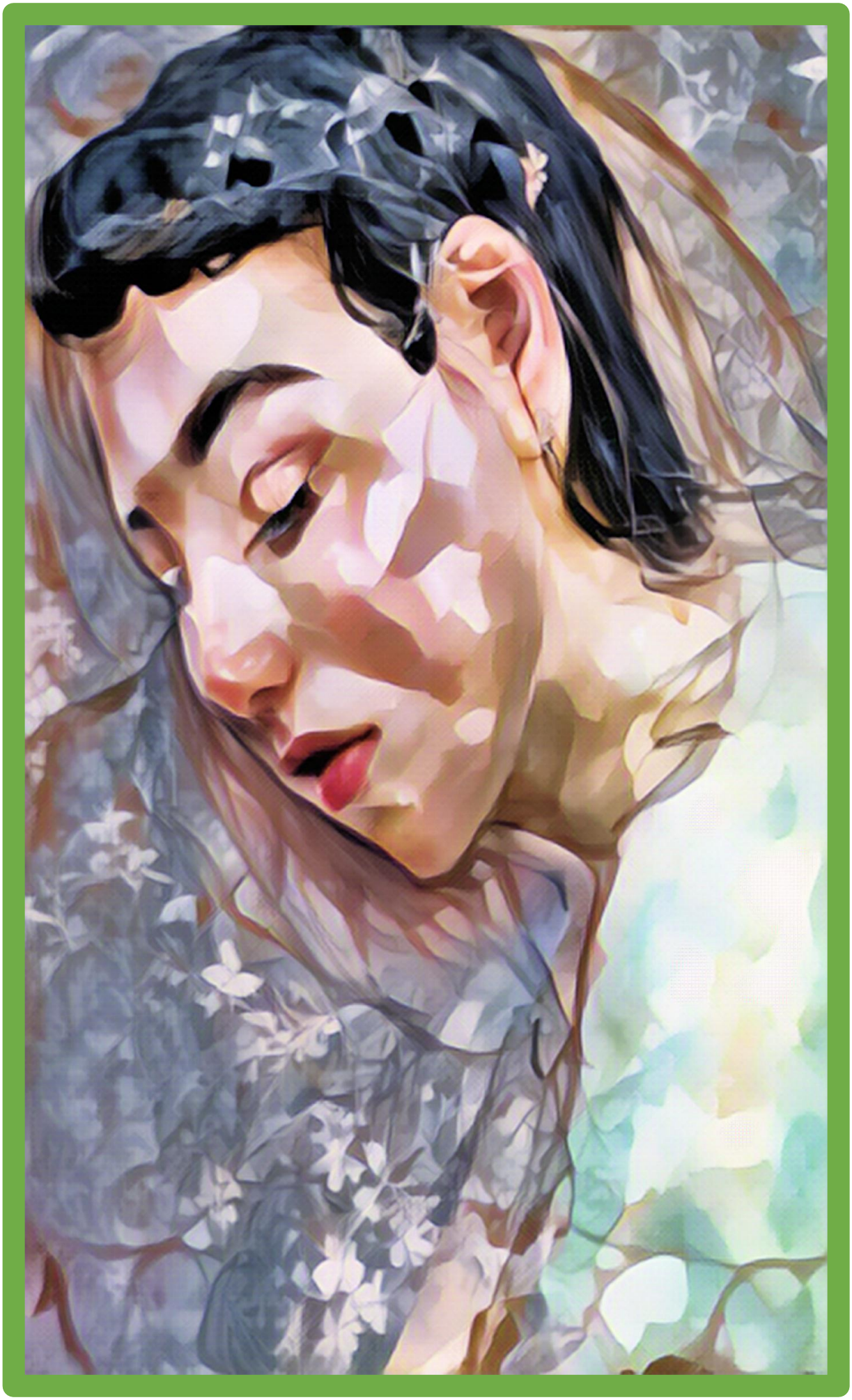
the plastic windows of my third-floor walk-up apartment.
Nestled just above the most popular Mexican cantina in the vibrant Little India District, my flat was a refuge of sorts, yet the relentless gusts of cold air served as a constant reminder of the season's harshness.
Despite the promise of relief offered by these pharmaceuticals, the reality of my surroundings remained stark; the warmth and comfort I sought were elusive, overshadowed by the frigid air that infiltrated my space, making it clear that no amount of modern medicine



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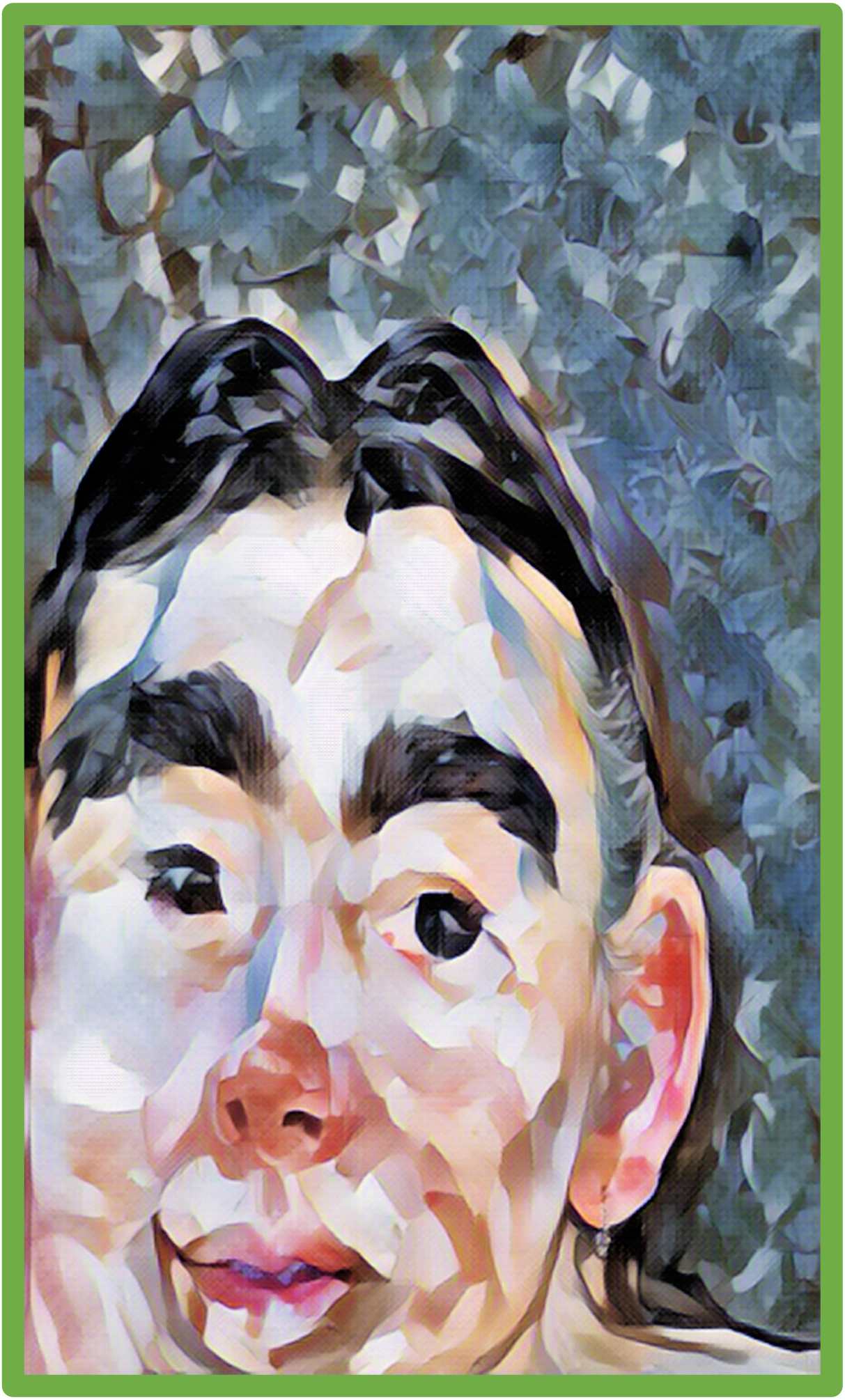
could shield me from the elements outside.
At times, I find myself contemplating whether, beneath the surface of my seemingly calm demeanor, there lies a hidden yearning for the chaos of domestic disputes.
Is it possible that I harbor a secret desire to leap into the fray of these escalating nightly confrontations, immersing myself in the tumultuous emotional landscape?
Alternatively, could it be that I simply thrive on the thrill of confrontation, relishing the challenge that such conflicts



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present?
This internal struggle raises questions about my own motivations and desires, prompting me to reflect on the allure of drama and the complexities of human interaction.
Perhaps my landlady, who has recently completed a psychology course at the local junior college, believes that my intense desire to dominate every conversation stems from an internal drive. This compulsion may be rooted in a profound animosity I harbor towards the notorious Captain Kangaroo.

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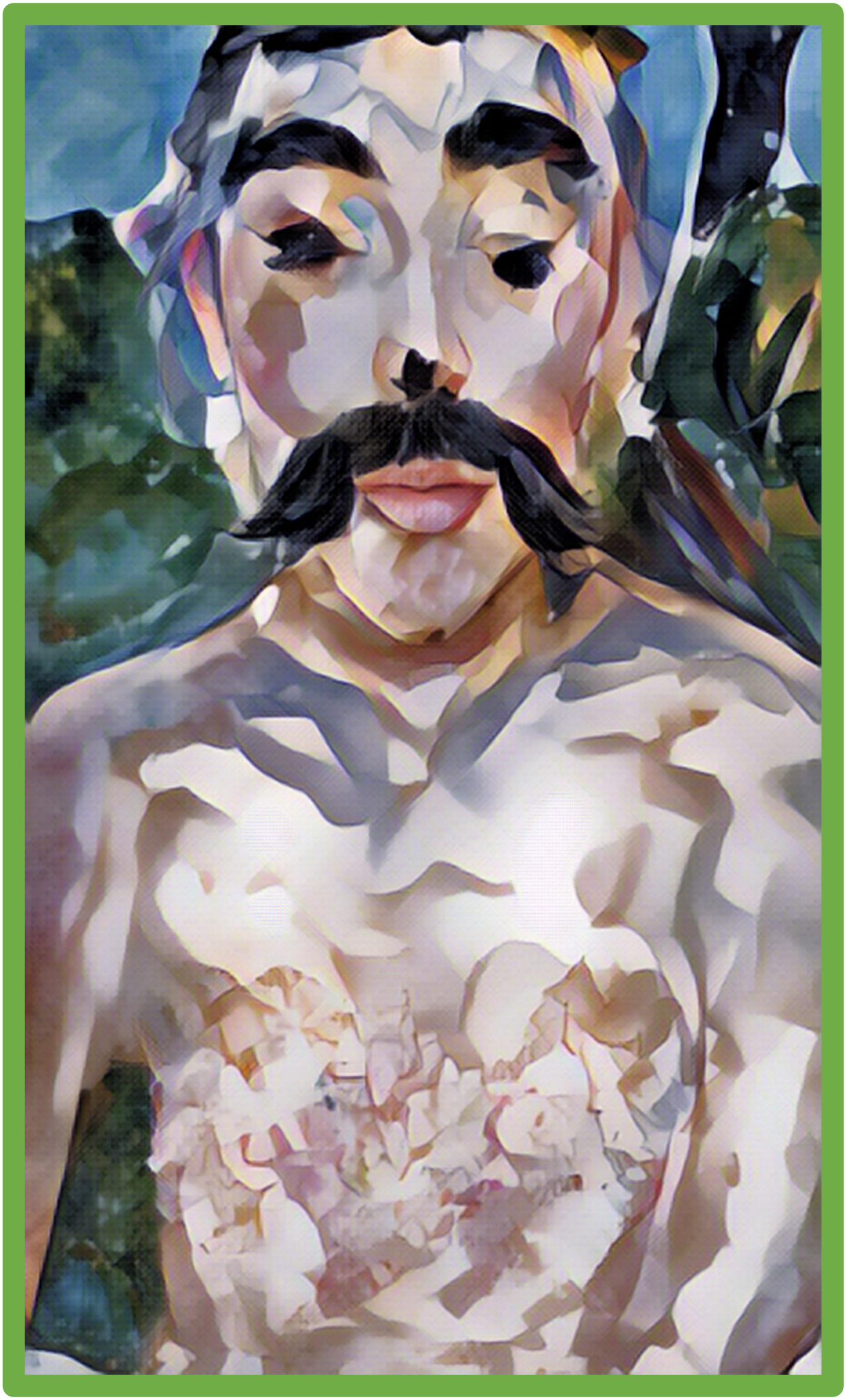
As a child, I felt that the show consistently undermined the vital role played by Mister Green Jeans, whose contributions were crucial to its success. This lingering resentment could explain my need to assert myself in discussions, as I grapple with the remnants of that childhood indignation.

Her insights, drawn from her recent studies, might provide a lens through which to understand my behavior, suggesting that my competitive nature is not merely a personality trait but rather a manifestation of deeper psychological conflicts.



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As a fervent champion of Truth, I embrace my role as a distinguished founding figure of the Palmdale Chapter of the once-banned Jesuits of Truth, a title recently reaffirmed by a court order.

With divine support, God stands resolutely at my side, while St. Michael, the archangel, fortifies my resolve, brandishing his blazing sword of truth high above us as we advance into the fray.

Our mission is clear: to confront her, the illegitimate offspring of the malevolent Lilith, who was once the first wife of Adam.

Together, we march forward,

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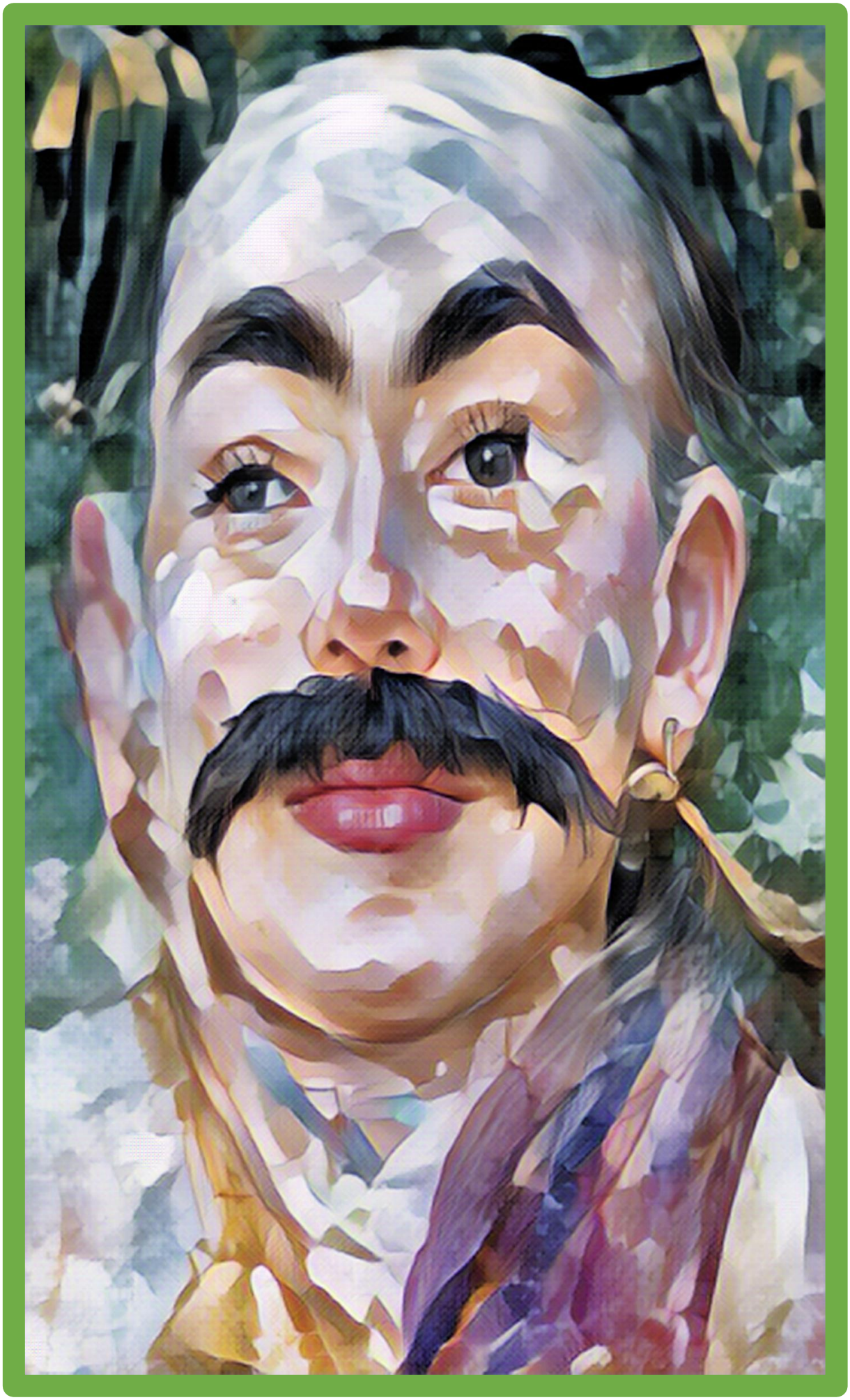
undeterred and unwavering, ready to engage in this righteous battle against the forces of deception and darkness.
I could sense that she had not foreseen the collaborative effort we were undertaking, our united front as we relentlessly attacked the formidable barriers erected by her Liberal Arts education.
With each incisive argument we presented, we chipped away at the very foundations of her beliefs, all while deftly deflecting the increasingly venomous onslaught of her counterarguments.
These verbal assaults penetrated



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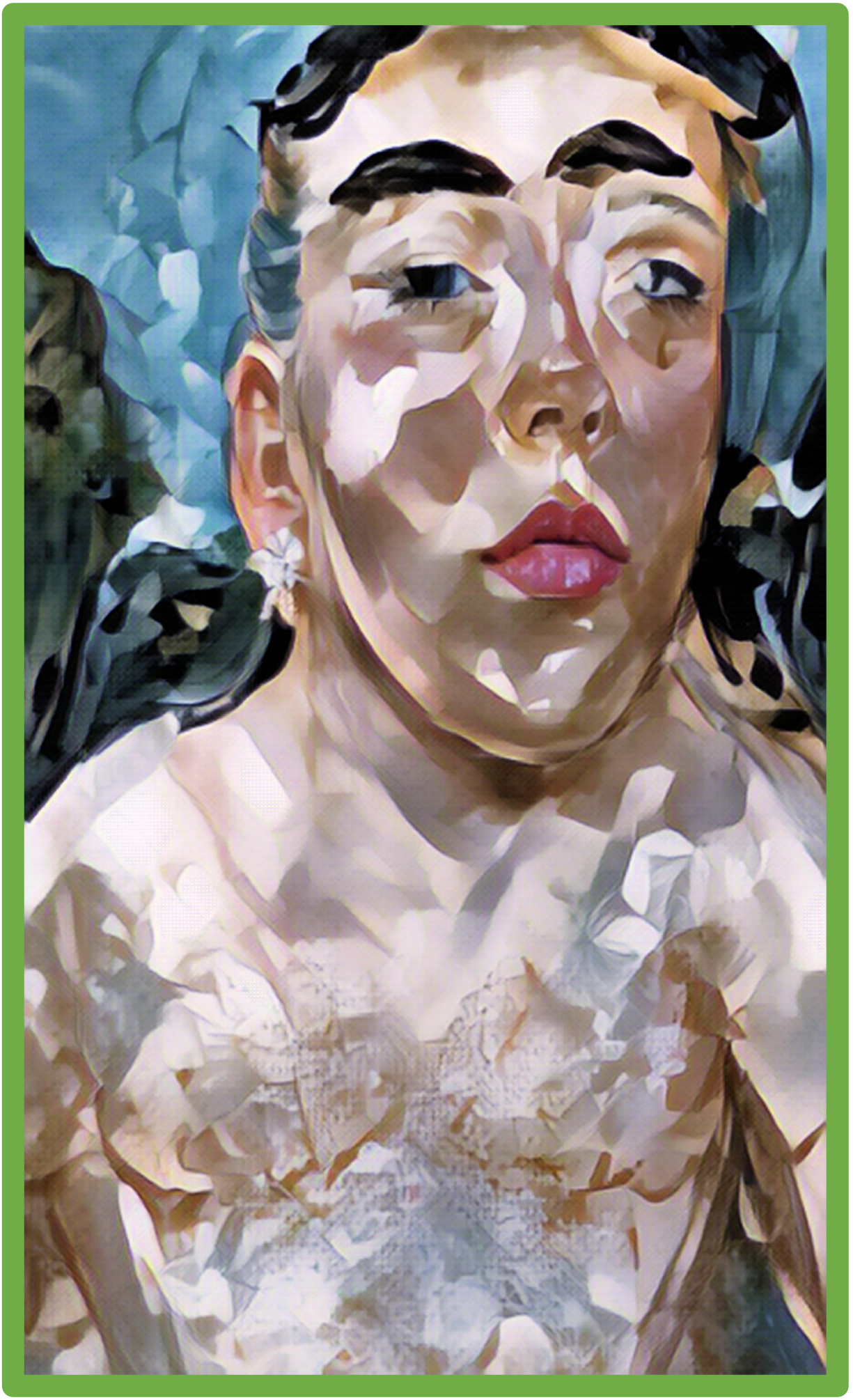
deeply, striking at the core of my being, as she relentlessly questioned my existence with an intensity that felt almost personal.

Her powerful, right-handed thrust of inquiry—whether I truly existed—landed with the weight of a sledgehammer, forcing me to confront the essence of my identity amid the chaos of our intellectual battle.

In the midst of our lively skirmishes on the living room rug, we engaged in a playful yet fierce exchange of jabs and jests, carefully avoiding the threshold of the kitchen, a veritable arsenal



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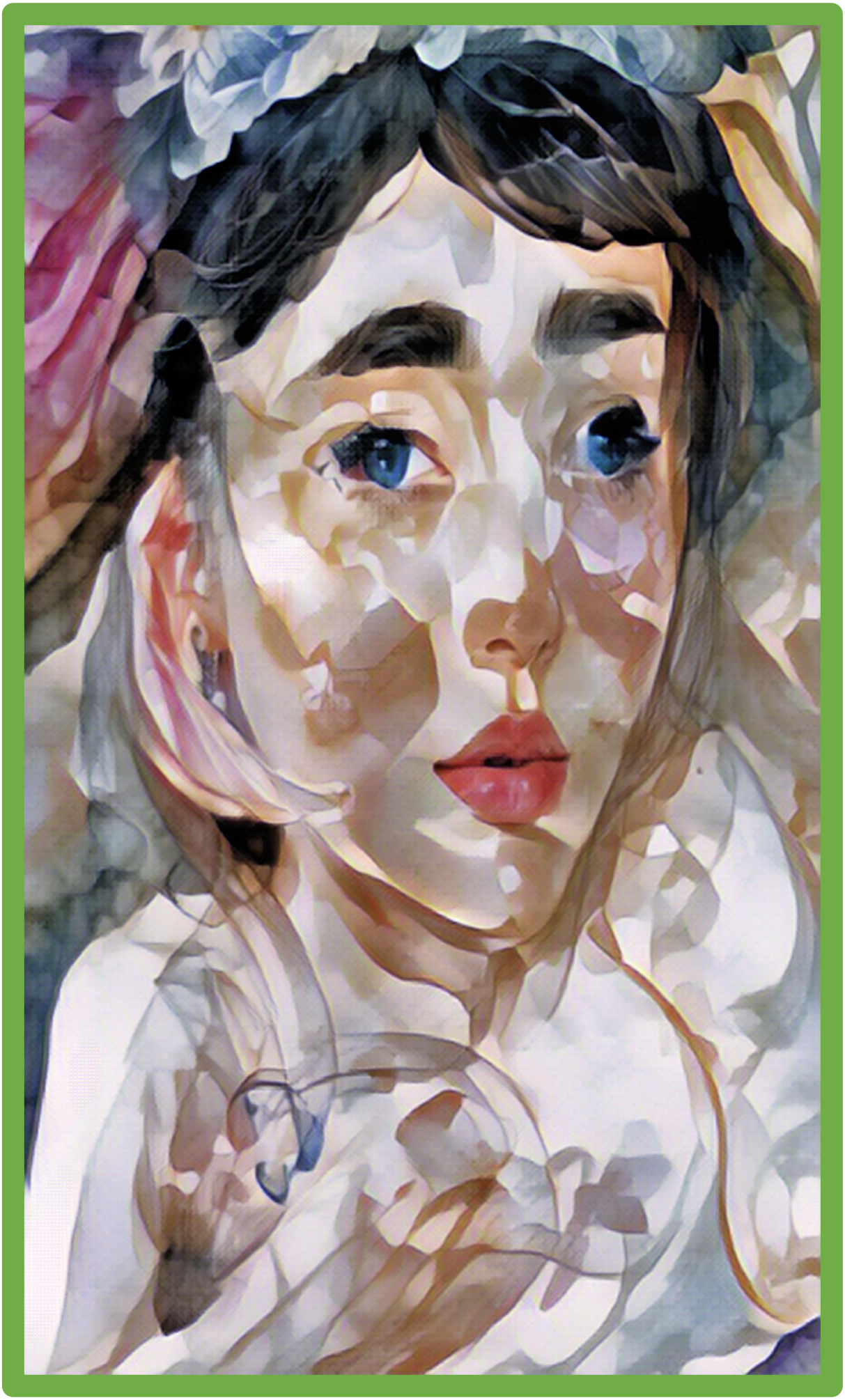
of sharp knives, hefty cast iron frying pans, and an array of other potential hazards.

I often found myself pondering the possibility that these lighthearted confrontations could one day spiral into something more serious, where the stakes might escalate beyond mere feelings, testing my capacity to navigate the chaos with the agility of a grasshopper perched on a banister.

The thought of standing before an audience, defending my position while balancing the weight of our playful rivalry, filled me with a mix of trepidation and



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determination, as I imagined the day when our battles might require more than just wit and charm to resolve.

I couldn't help but provoke her once more, leaning in with a smirk that danced across my lips.

"What's got you so worked up?" I asked, my tone dripping with playful sarcasm.

The tension in the air was palpable, and I relished the way her eyes narrowed, a storm brewing behind them. It was as if I had struck a nerve, and the thrill of her reaction only fueled my desire to push her buttons further.

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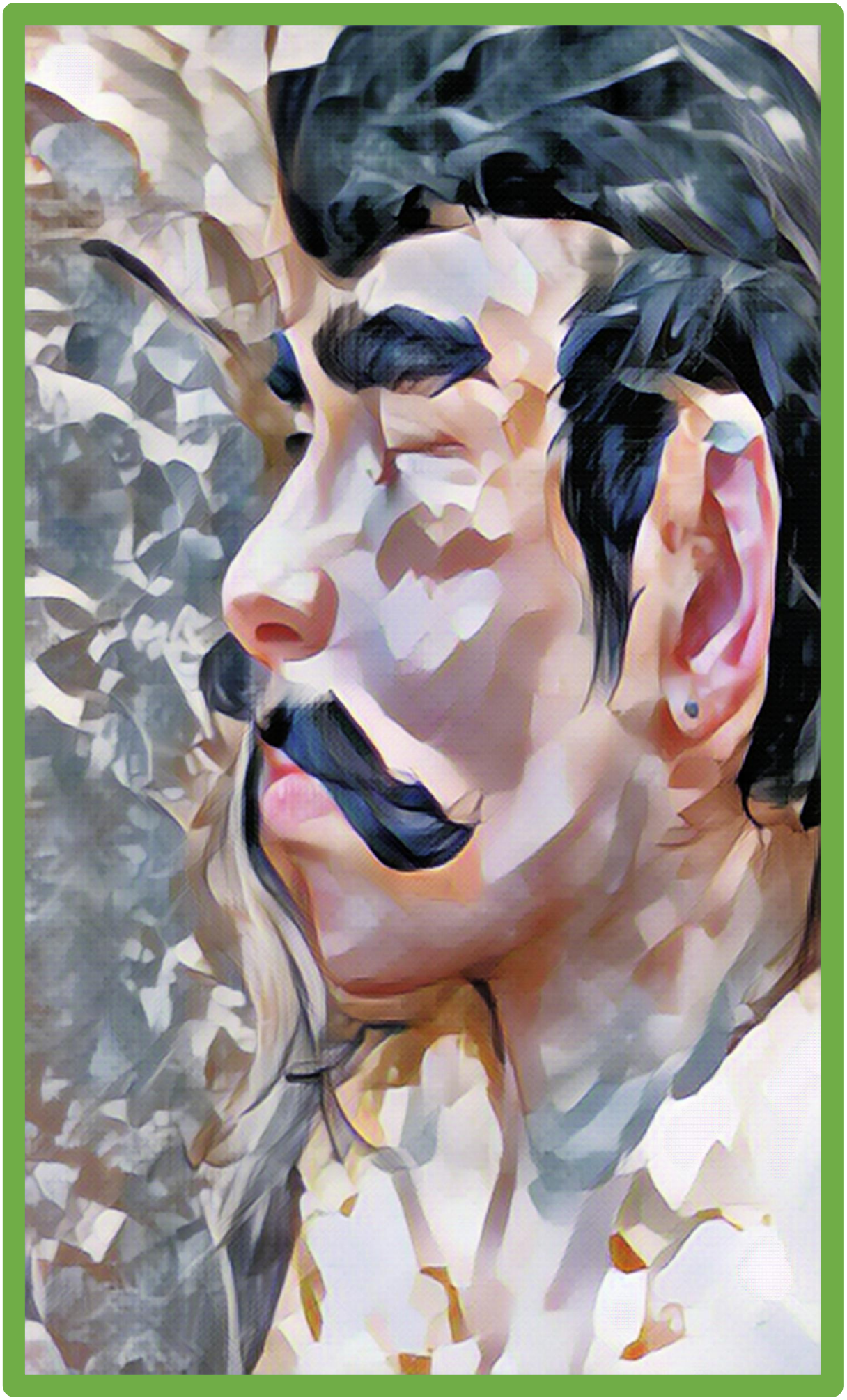
I knew she was on the edge, caught between the urge to laugh and the instinct to retaliate, and that precarious balance made the moment all the more exhilarating.

I didn't need to inquire further; I could instinctively feel that our united stand for "What is Right" was on the brink of overcoming her malevolent army of scornful insults.

The atmosphere was thick with the anticipation of a decisive victory, even though St. Michael had been momentarily sidelined, nursing burns from his own misstep with his flaming sword.



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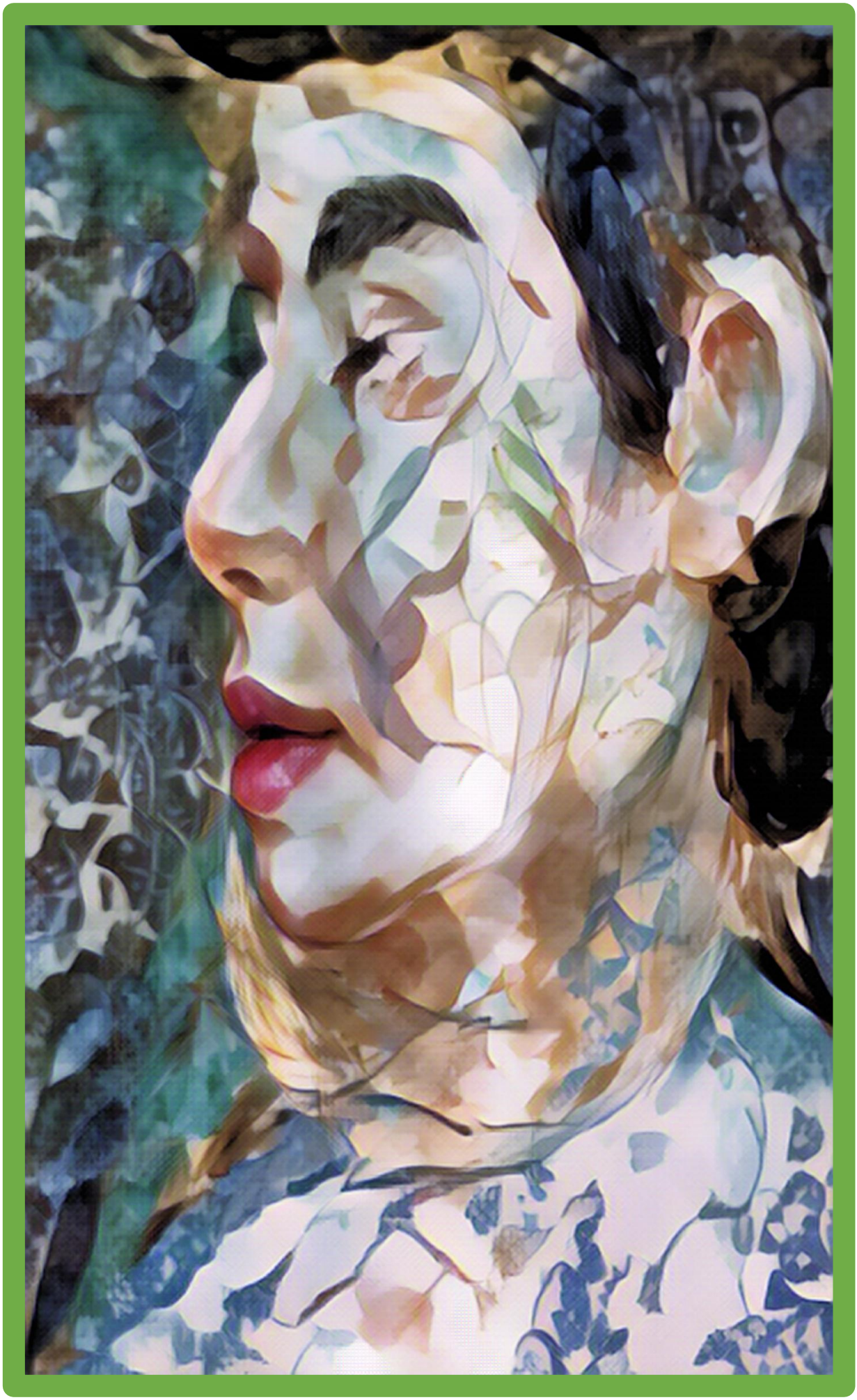
Meanwhile, God had stepped away to attend to an urgent matter, leaving me to fend off the impending darkness as time slipped away, the dawn approaching with relentless certainty.

The fire that once fueled our resolve was dwindling, and the once-comforting embrace of the lazy boy recliner now felt like a harbinger of defeat, a reminder of the lethargy that threatened to consume us.

The neighbor's flamboyant transgender chicken strutted around in what could only be described as its oversized rooster



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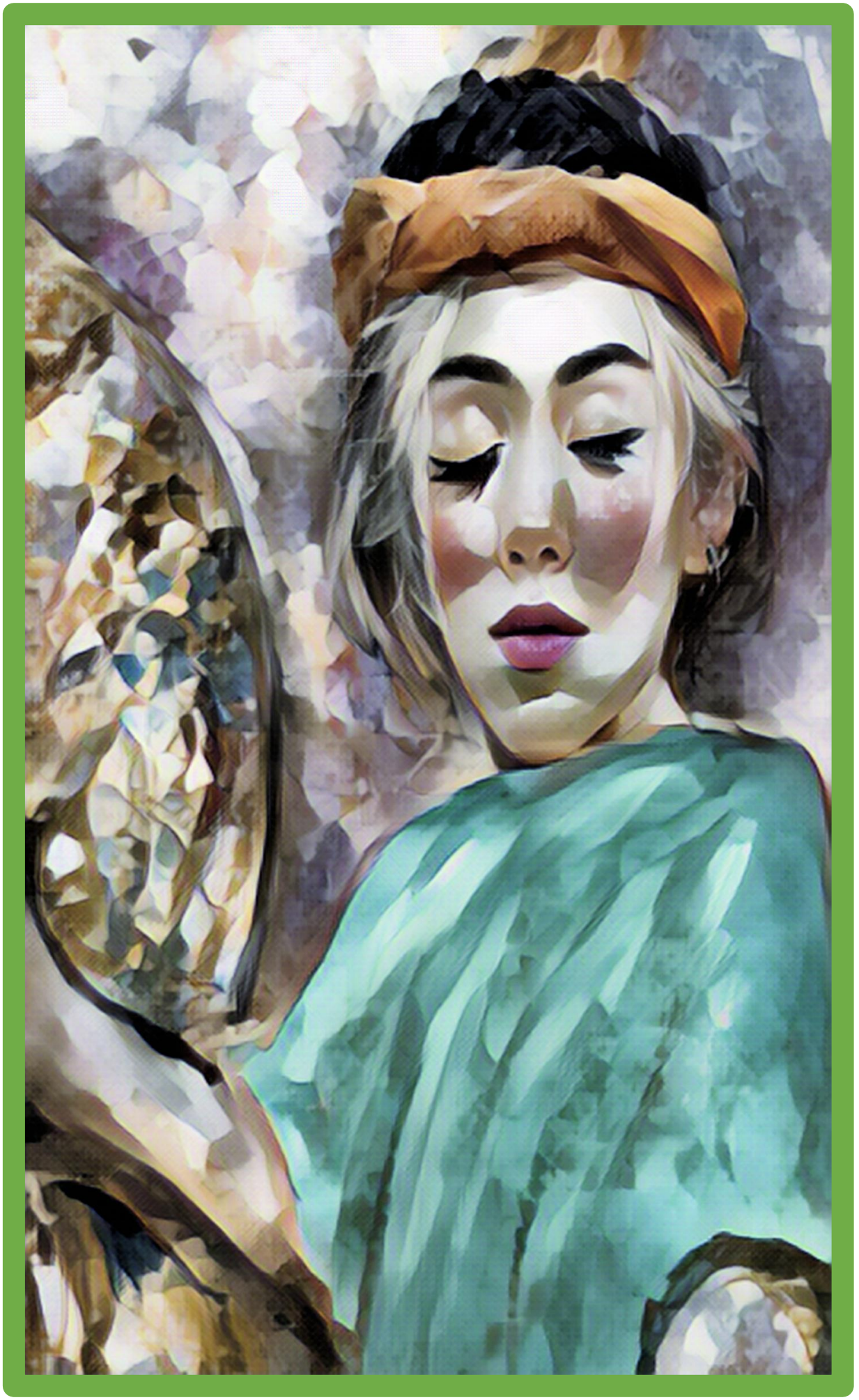
pants, crowing enthusiastically to herald the dawn.
However, its timing was hilariously off, as chickens, of course, lack the ability to tell time.
She turned to me, pausing momentarily, her gaze fixed on the plastic window, eagerly anticipating the first glimpse of sunlight.
Yet, as the minutes ticked by without the sun making its appearance, she fell silent, her excitement fading.
With a resigned sigh, she began to gather her belongings, carefully stowing them in her



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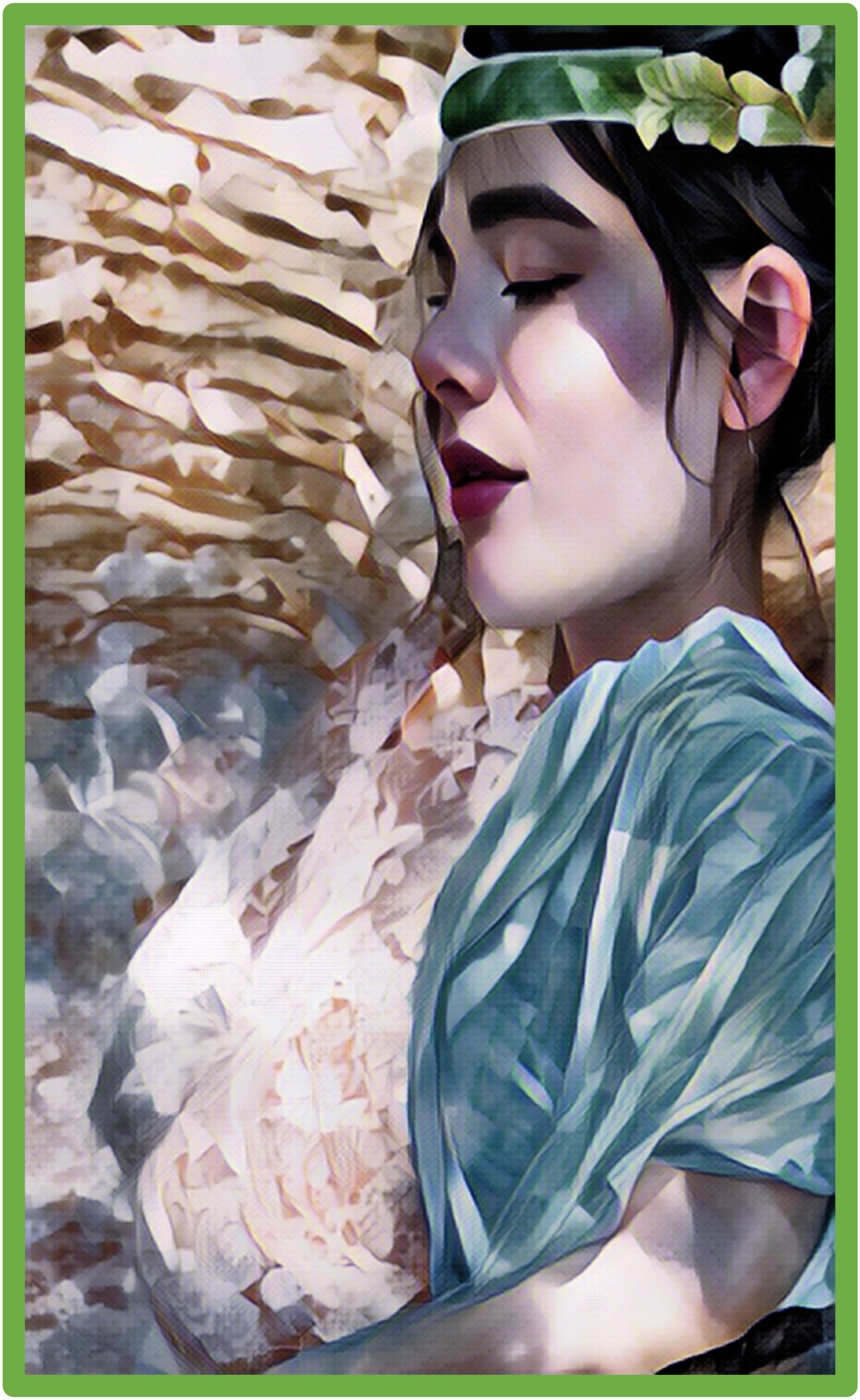
imitation designer bag, and made her way toward the door, the promise of a new day overshadowed by the lingering darkness outside.

“Is that really all you can muster?”

Yet, when I think back on it, what more could possibly be said that we hadn't already been tossed into the fray?

We had laid everything bare, each word and accusation serving as ammunition in our relentless battle to outdo one another.

It was a twisted game, one where the sole objective seemed to be



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inflicting pain for the sheer thrill of it, as if the act of hurting each other was a sport.

We reveled in the chaos, each exchange a calculated move in our ongoing crusade, devoid of any genuine purpose other than the dark amusement derived from our ability to wound.

There are moments when I find myself yearning for a different reality, one where we could embrace a more conventional existence, or perhaps discover a harmonious balance that allows us to coexist in love rather than being overshadowed by the bitterness that so deeply affects

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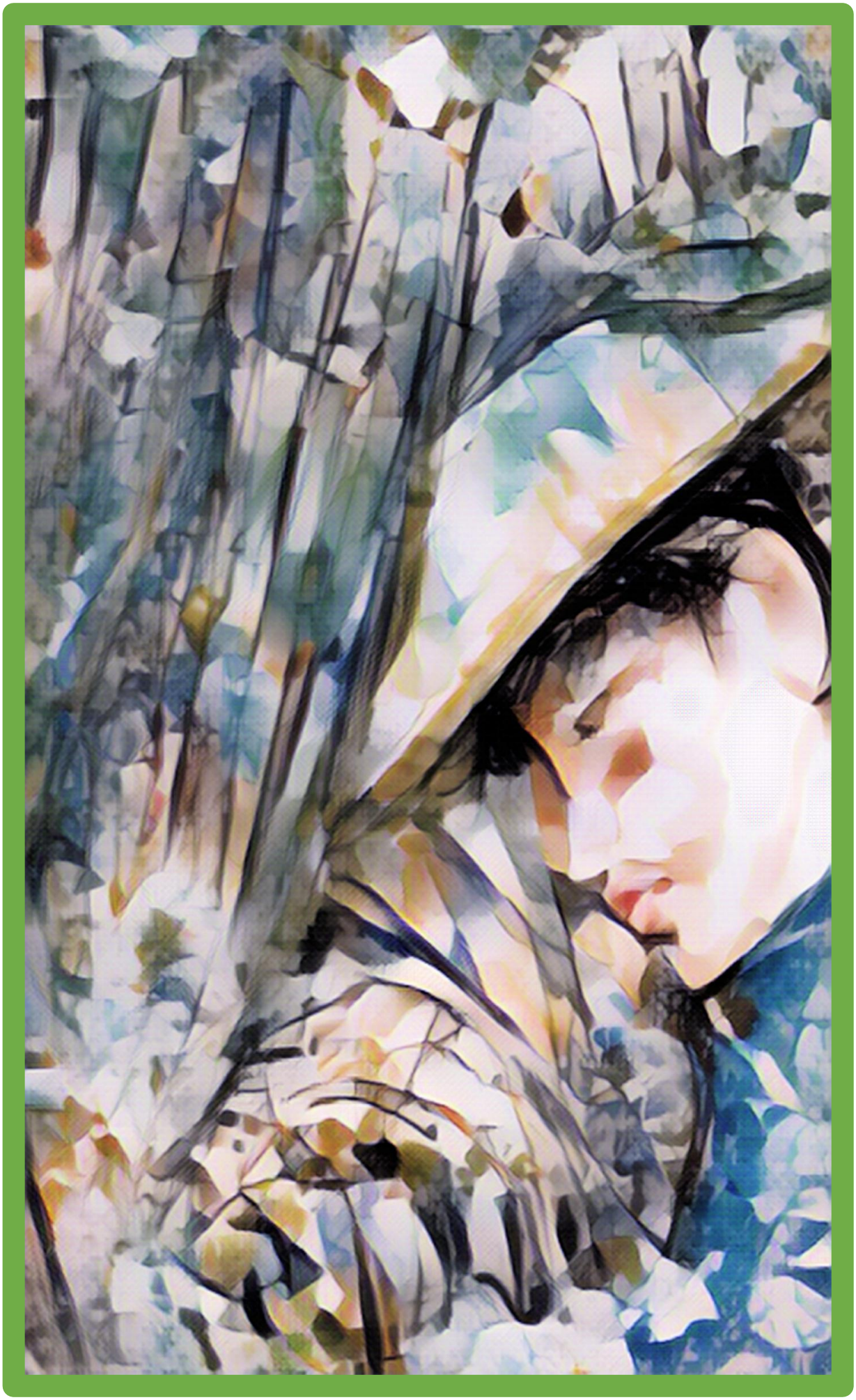
our relationship.
This resentment not only clouds our interactions but also propels us into cycles of intense drama, conflict, and emotional turmoil.
It is disheartening to witness how these negative feelings can overshadow the potential for joy and connection between us, making it increasingly difficult to navigate our shared life.
I long for a time when we can set aside our grievances and focus on nurturing the love that initially brought us together, creating a space where understanding and compassion can flourish instead of strife and pain.



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As I advance in years, the pursuit and the conflict begin to feel less like a playful contest and more like an unending struggle, where both of us emerge as losers, and at times, one of us becomes the casualty.

I often find myself imagining a reality devoid of the pretense that we must seek solutions or resolutions, as if we were two seasoned fighters, continuing to exchange blows long after the reason for the fight has faded into oblivion.

This vision paints a poignant picture of two individuals caught in a cycle of conflict, where the

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thrill of the battle has been replaced by a weary acknowledgment of its futility, leaving us to grapple with the remnants of what once was a spirited engagement.

As she turned away from me, I couldn't help but voice my familiar question one last time: *“Why so angry?”*

The words hung in the air, a playful challenge to the tension that had built between us. Without acknowledging my inquiry, she simply walked out the door, her silence speaking volumes.

The moment felt heavy, charged

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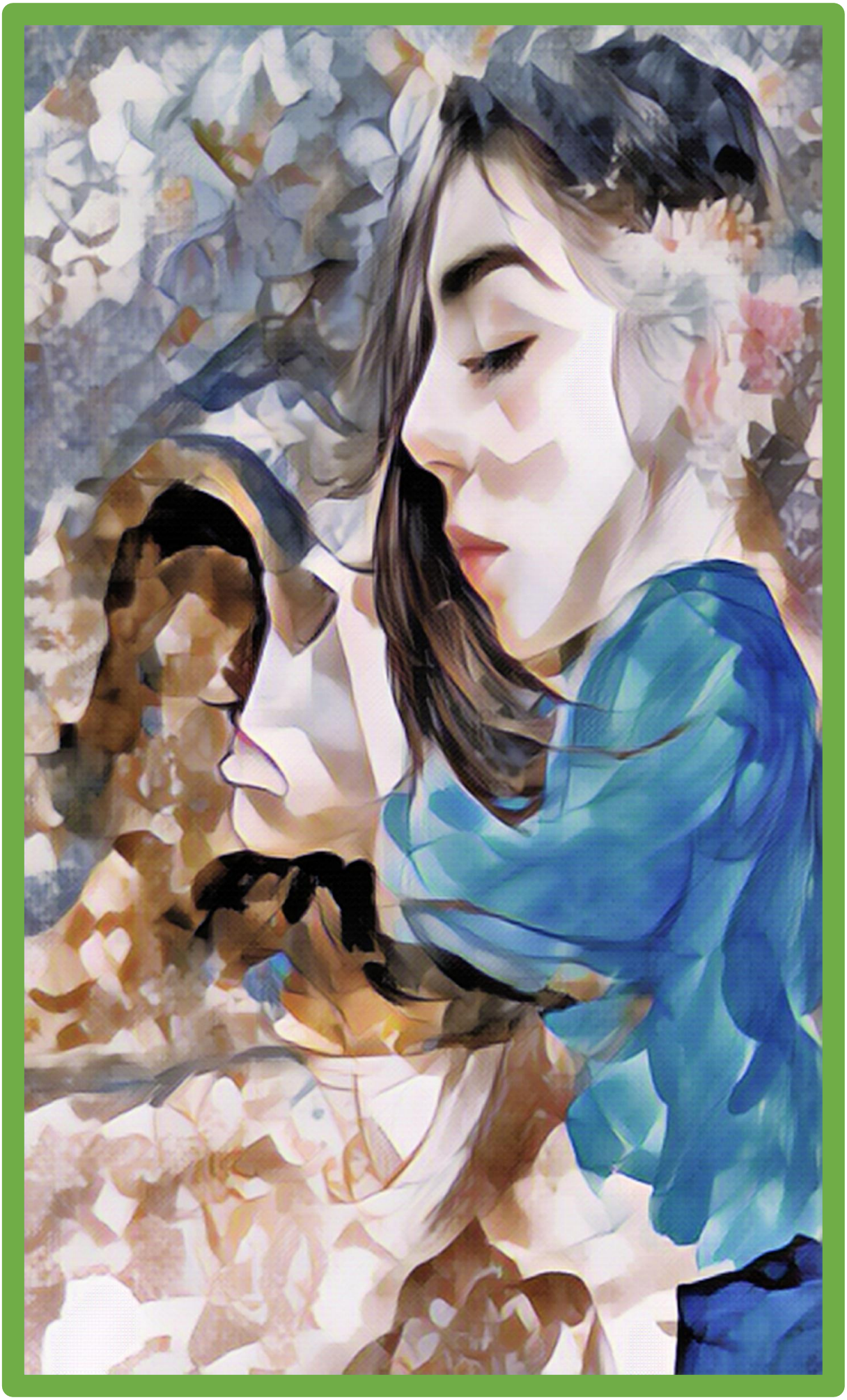
with unspoken emotions and unresolved issues, as I watched her retreating figure disappear from view.

It was a poignant reminder of the complexities of our interactions, where frustration often overshadowed understanding, leaving me to ponder the reasons behind her anger long after she had left.

As I stood in the stillness of the early morning, waiting for the first light of dawn to break, I could not help but reflect on the necessity of living in this manner. The anticipation of a new day filled me with a sense of purpose,



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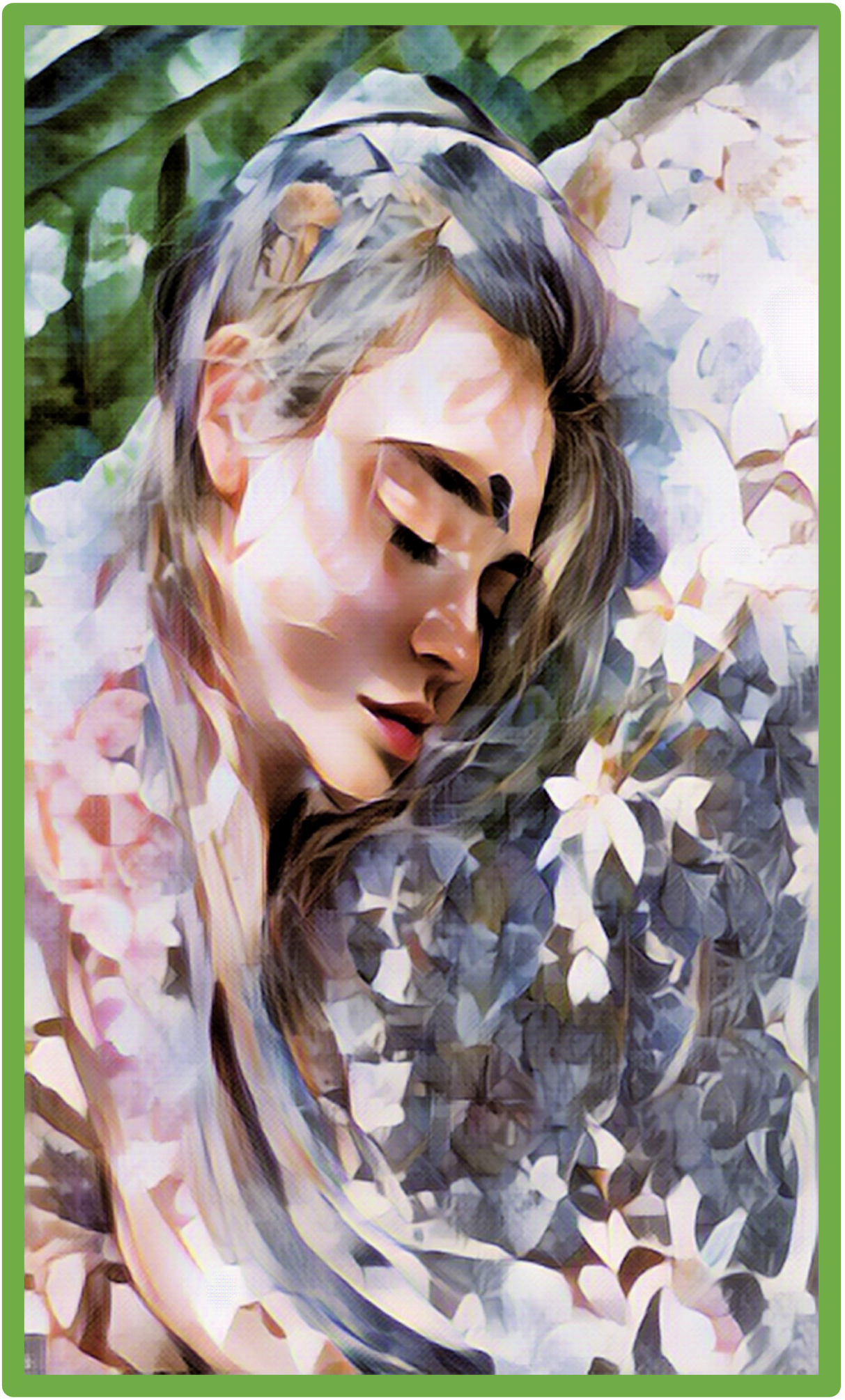
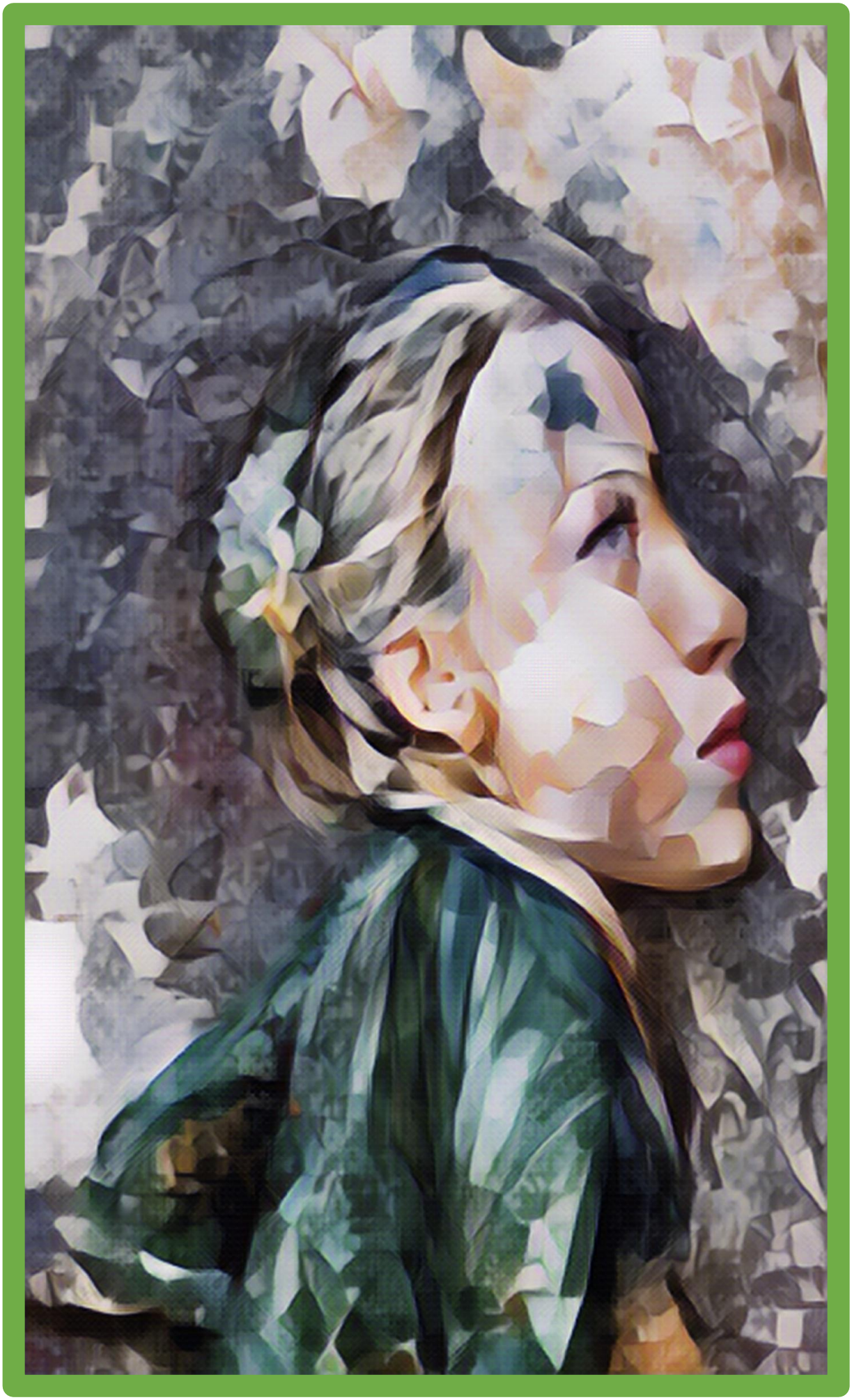
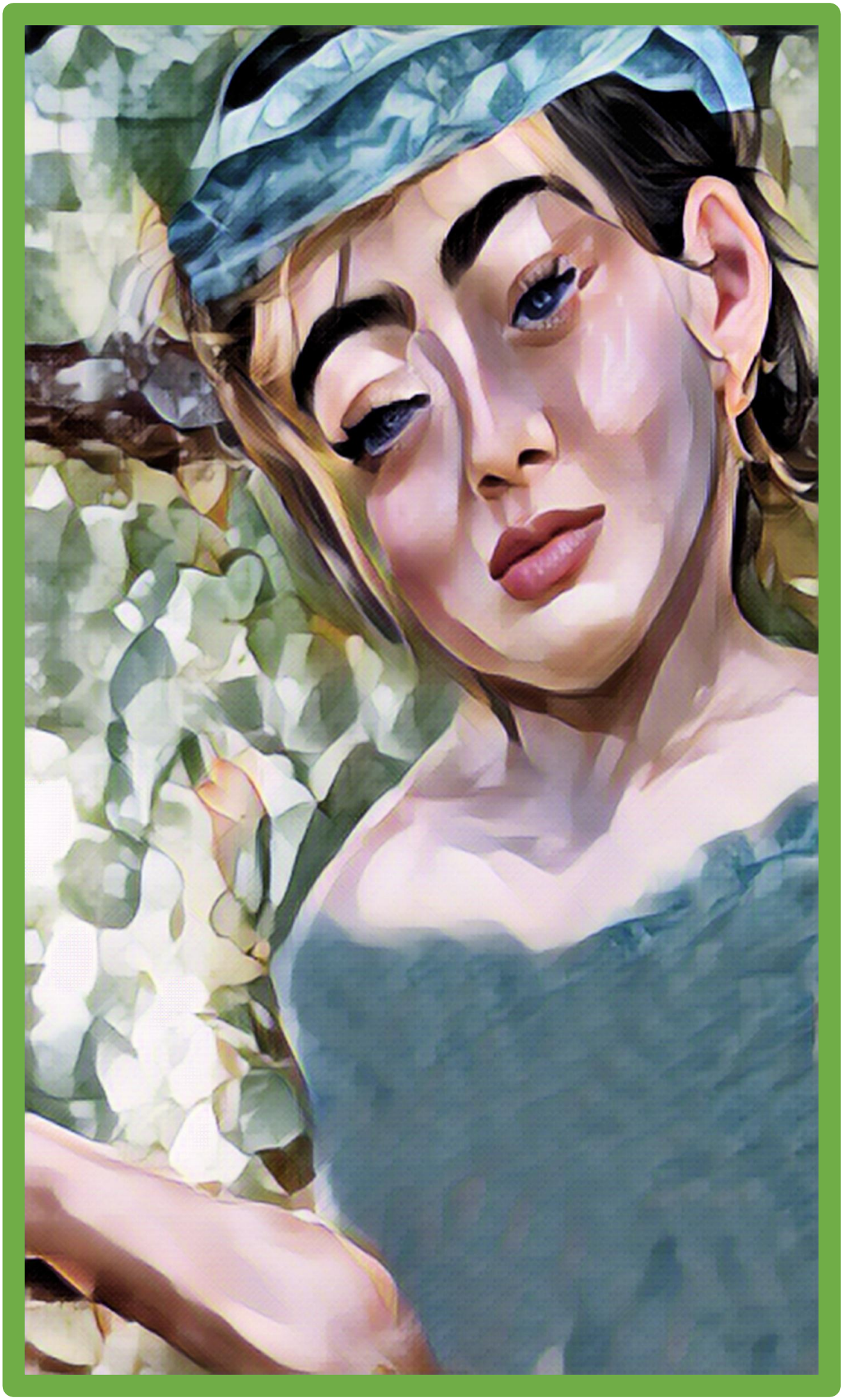
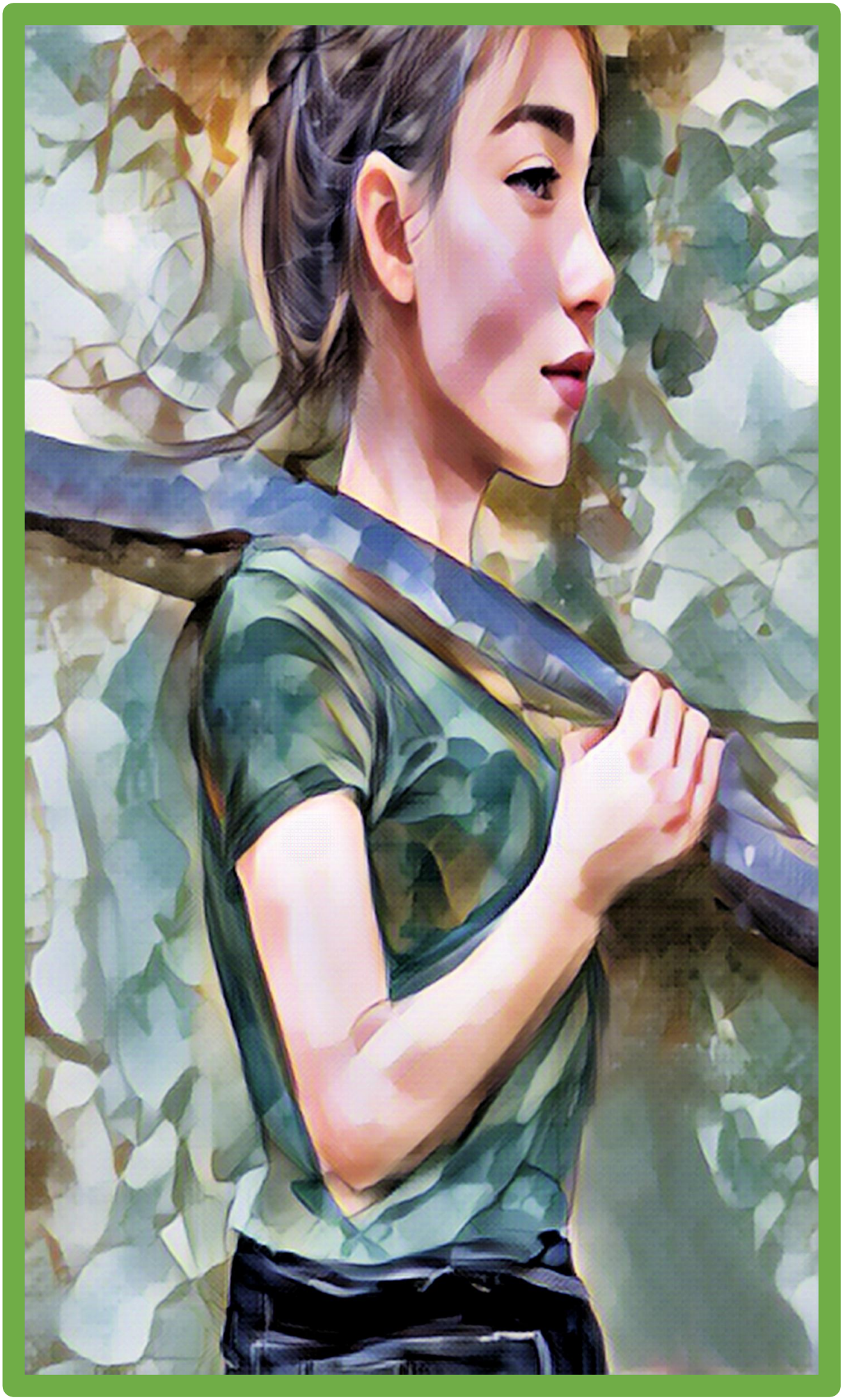
as I prepared to return to my work, meticulously planning tonight's campaign.
The quiet hours before sunrise offered a unique clarity, allowing me to gather my thoughts and strategize effectively.
Each moment spent in this contemplative state reinforced the importance of resilience and adaptability in our endeavors, reminding me that the path to success often requires patience and careful consideration.

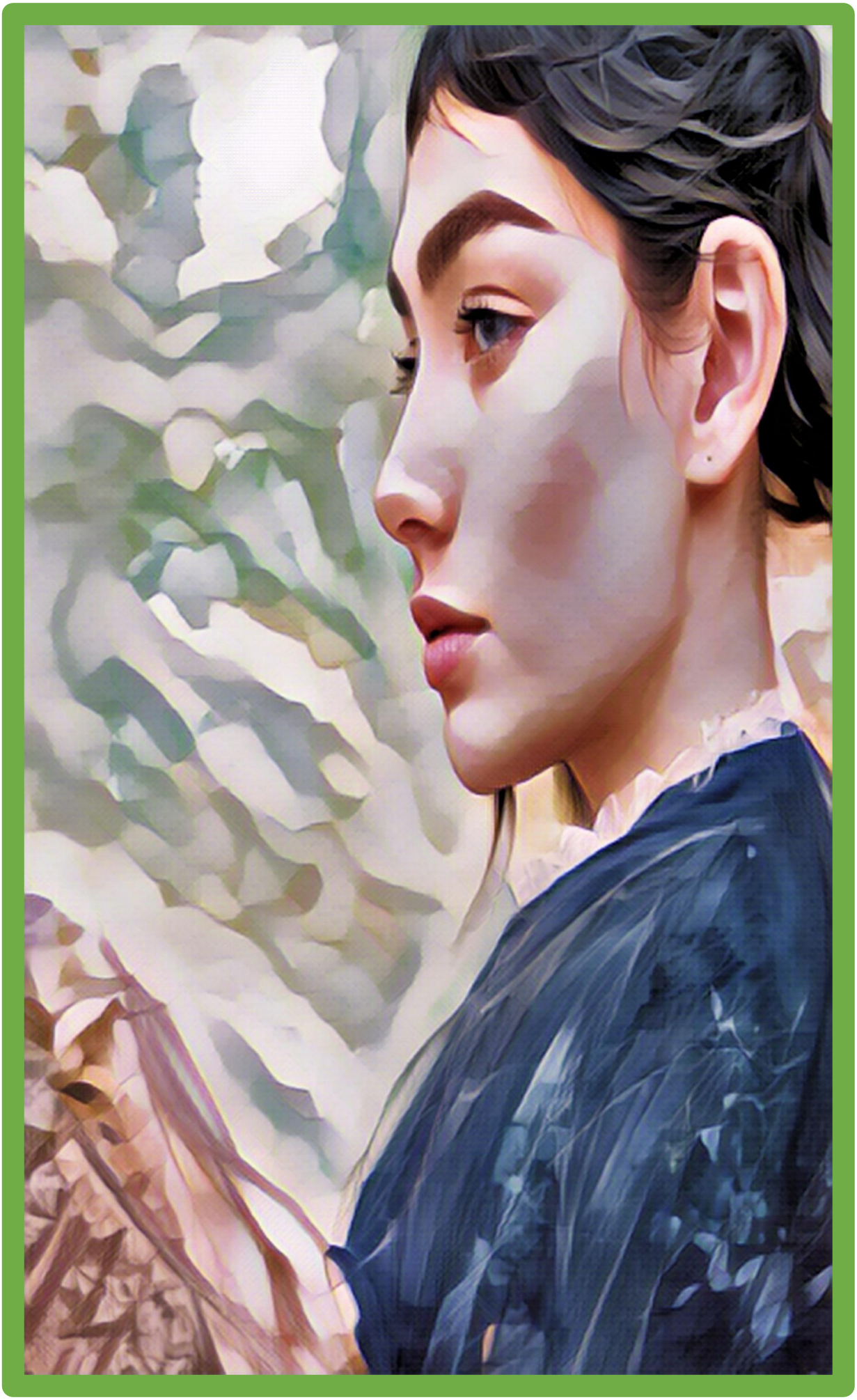
- Emil, 2045

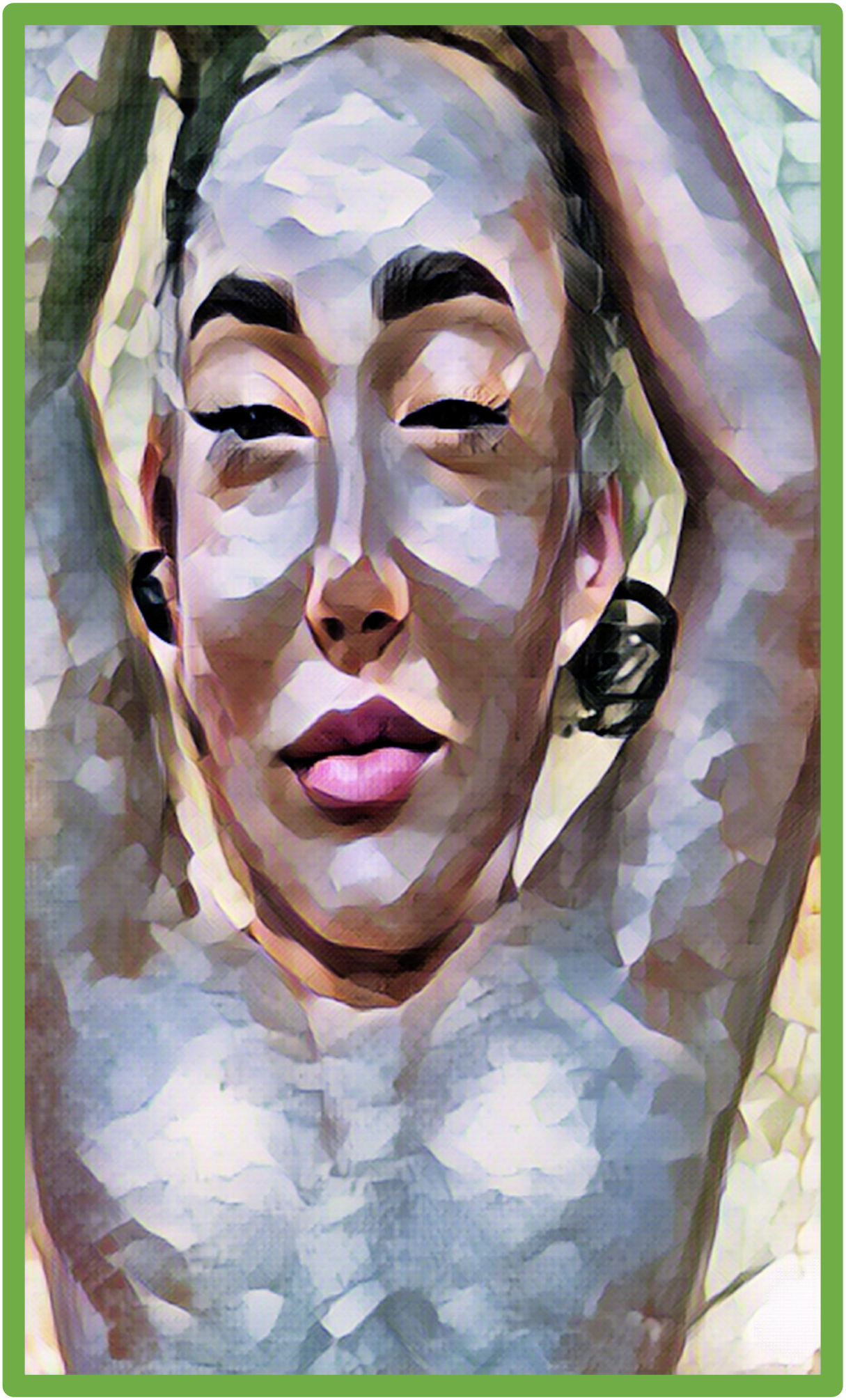


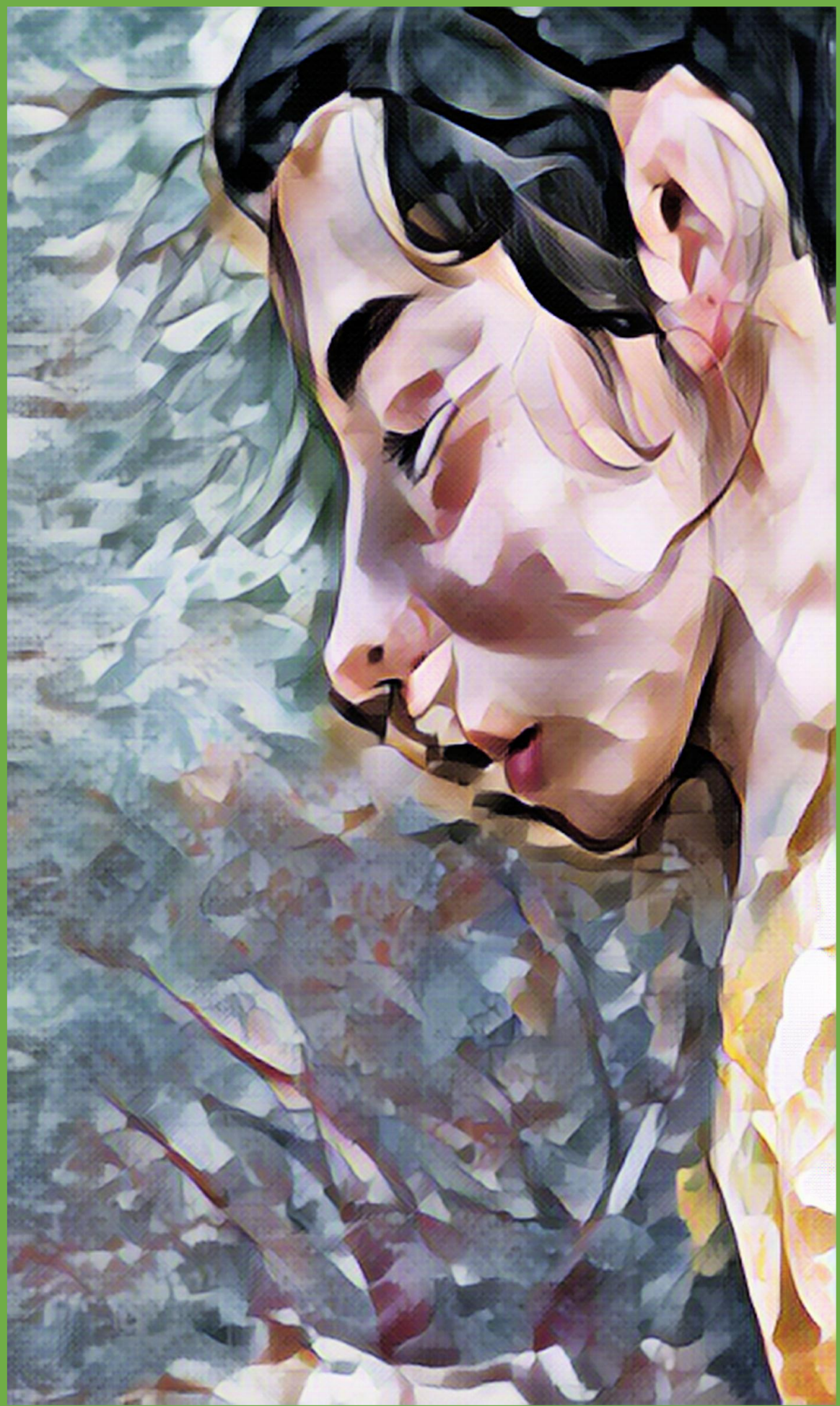


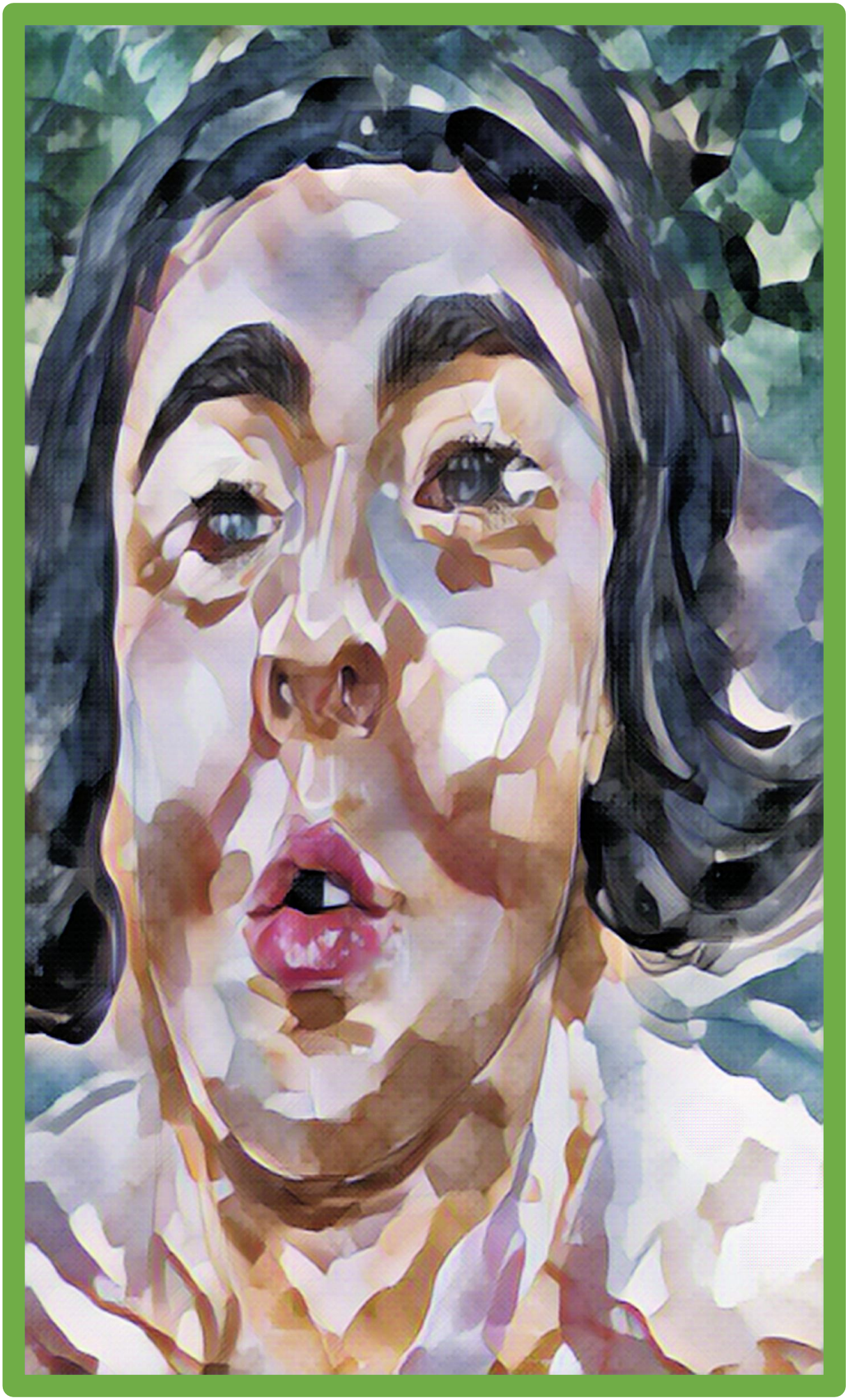


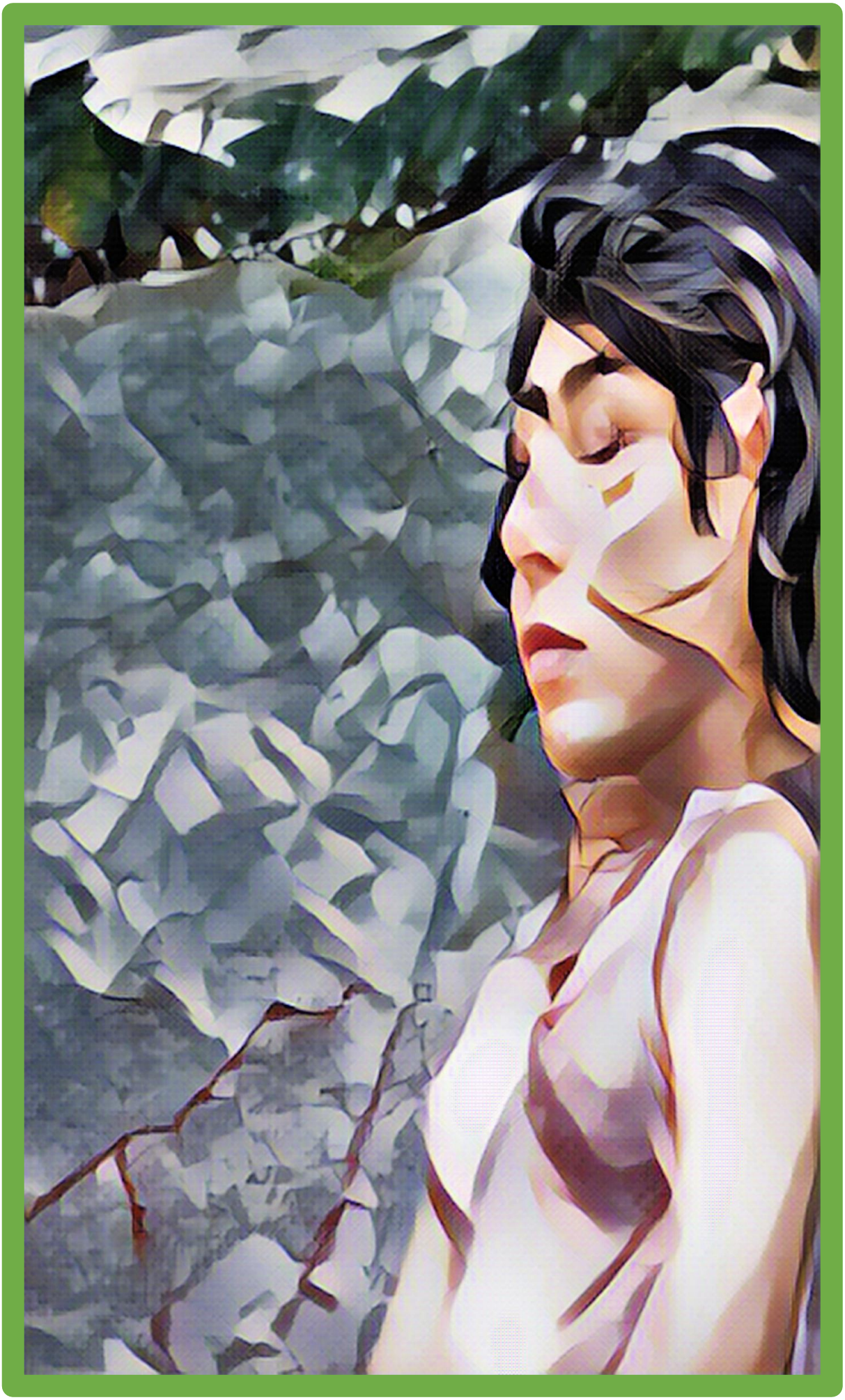


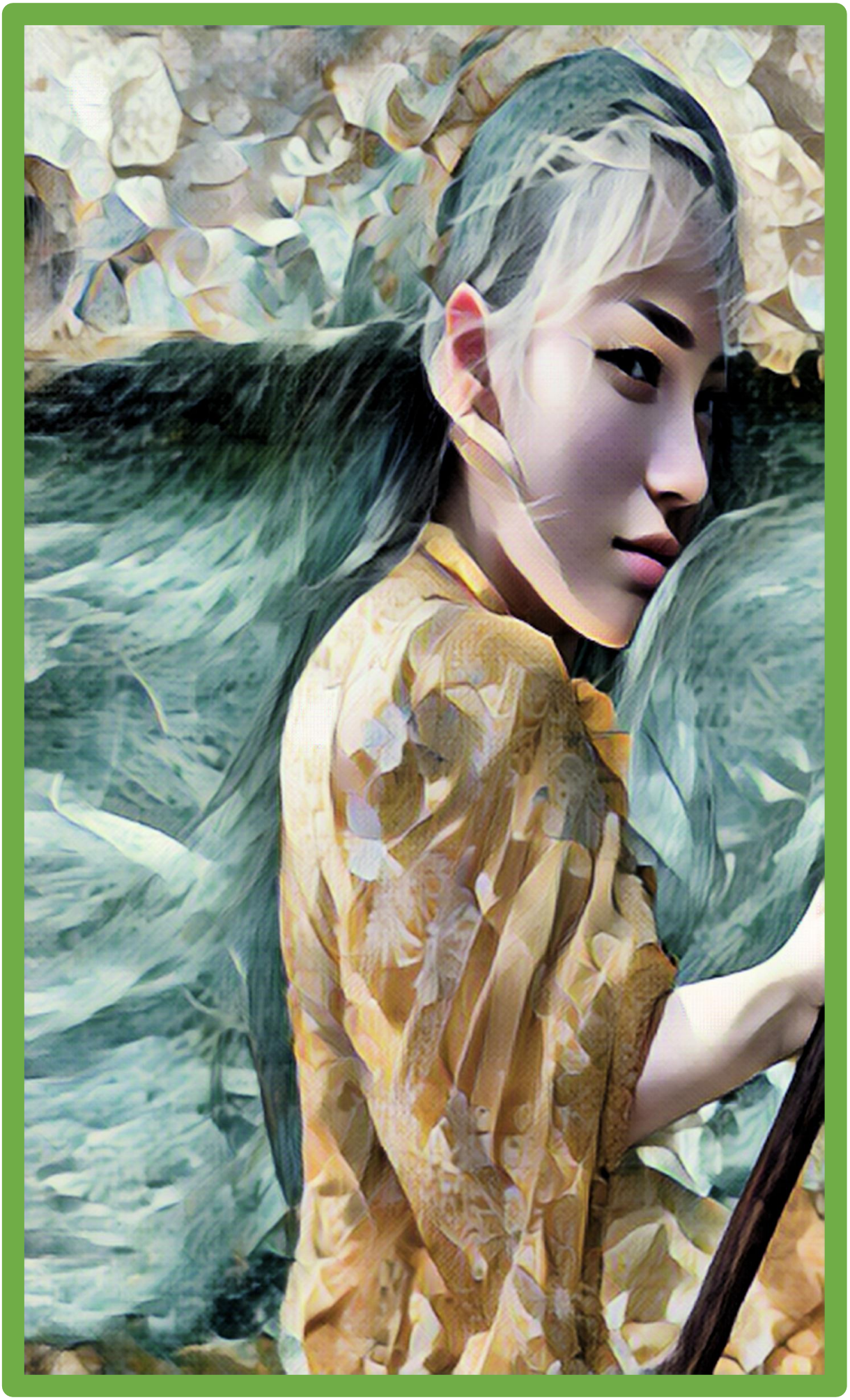


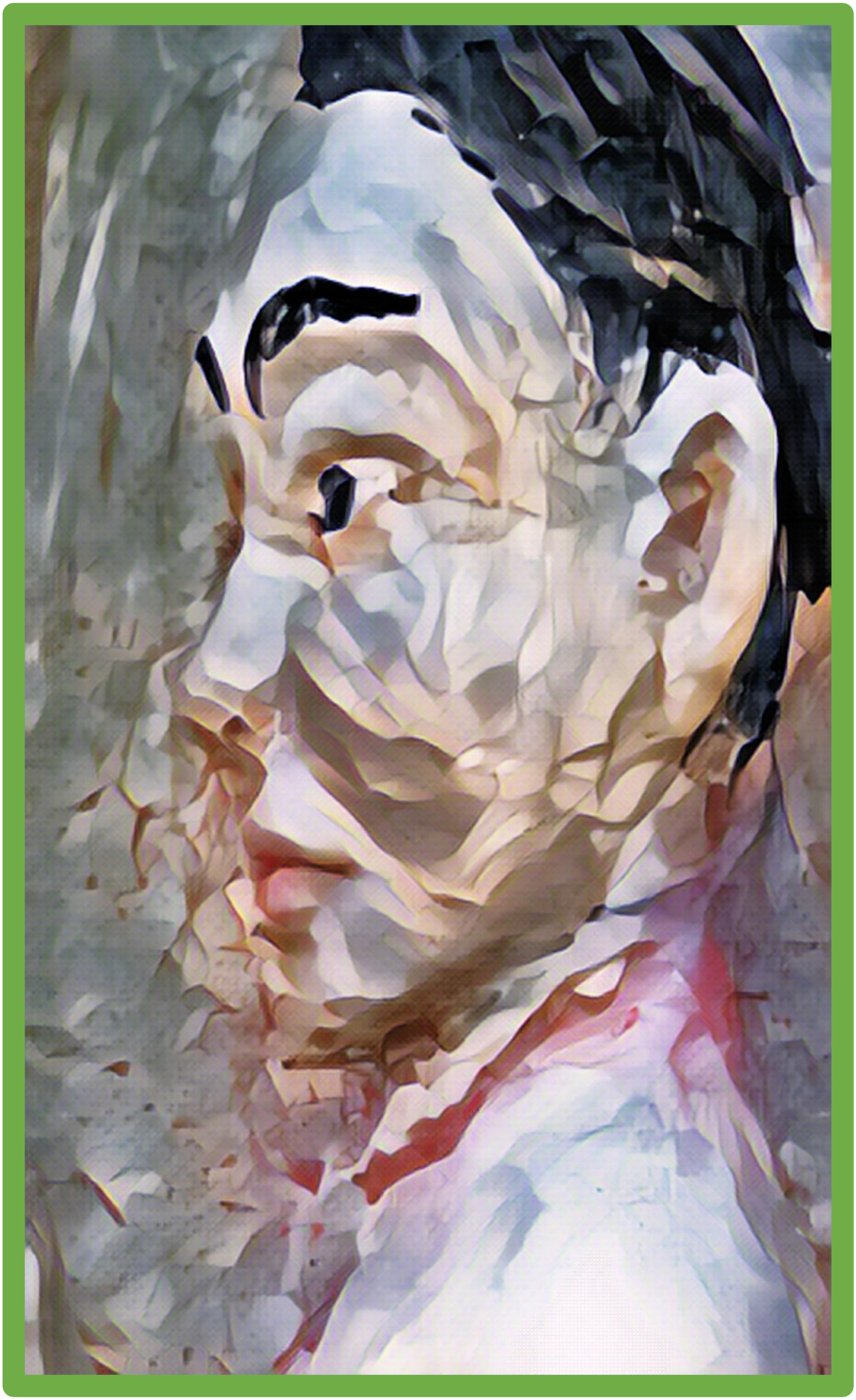


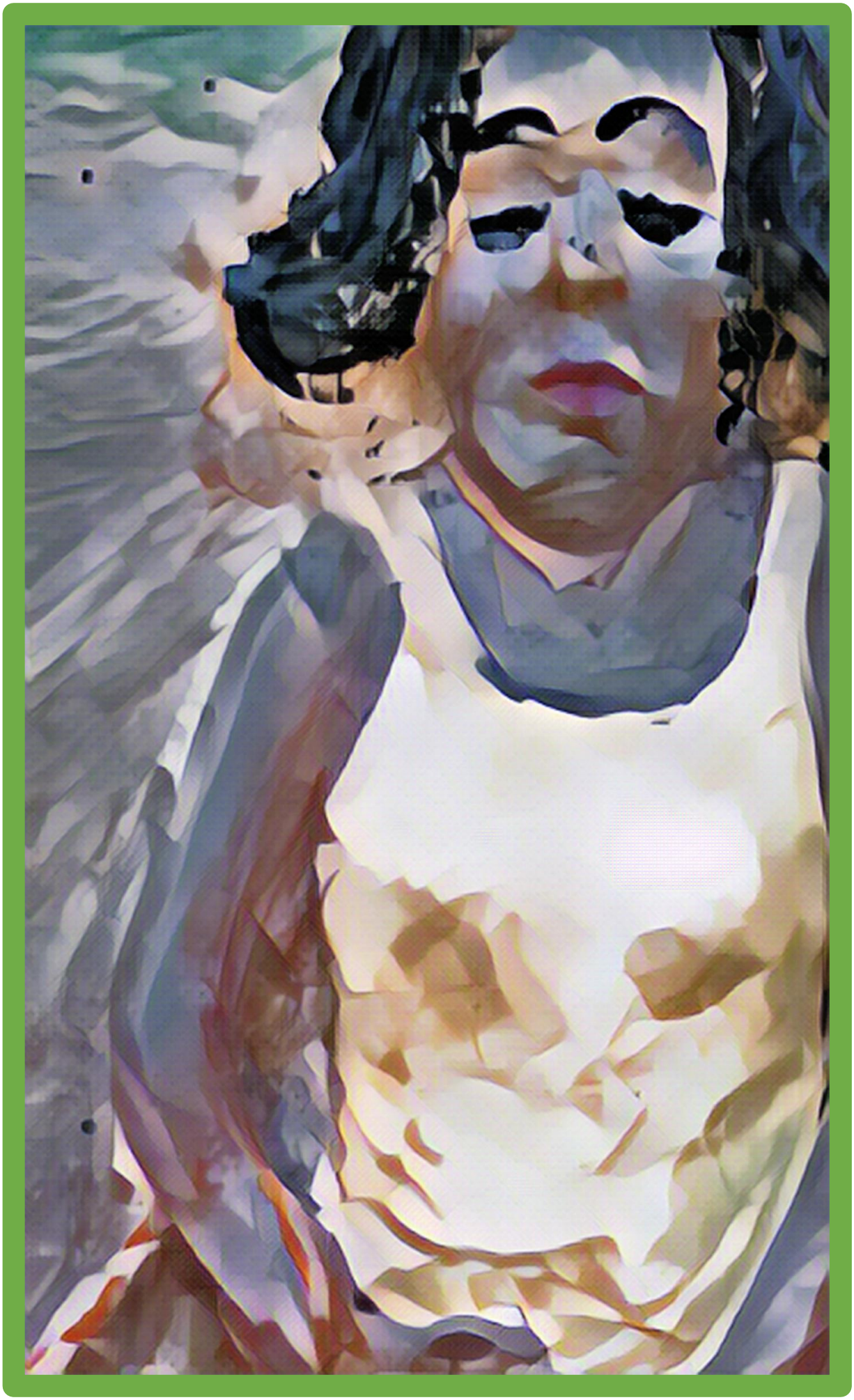


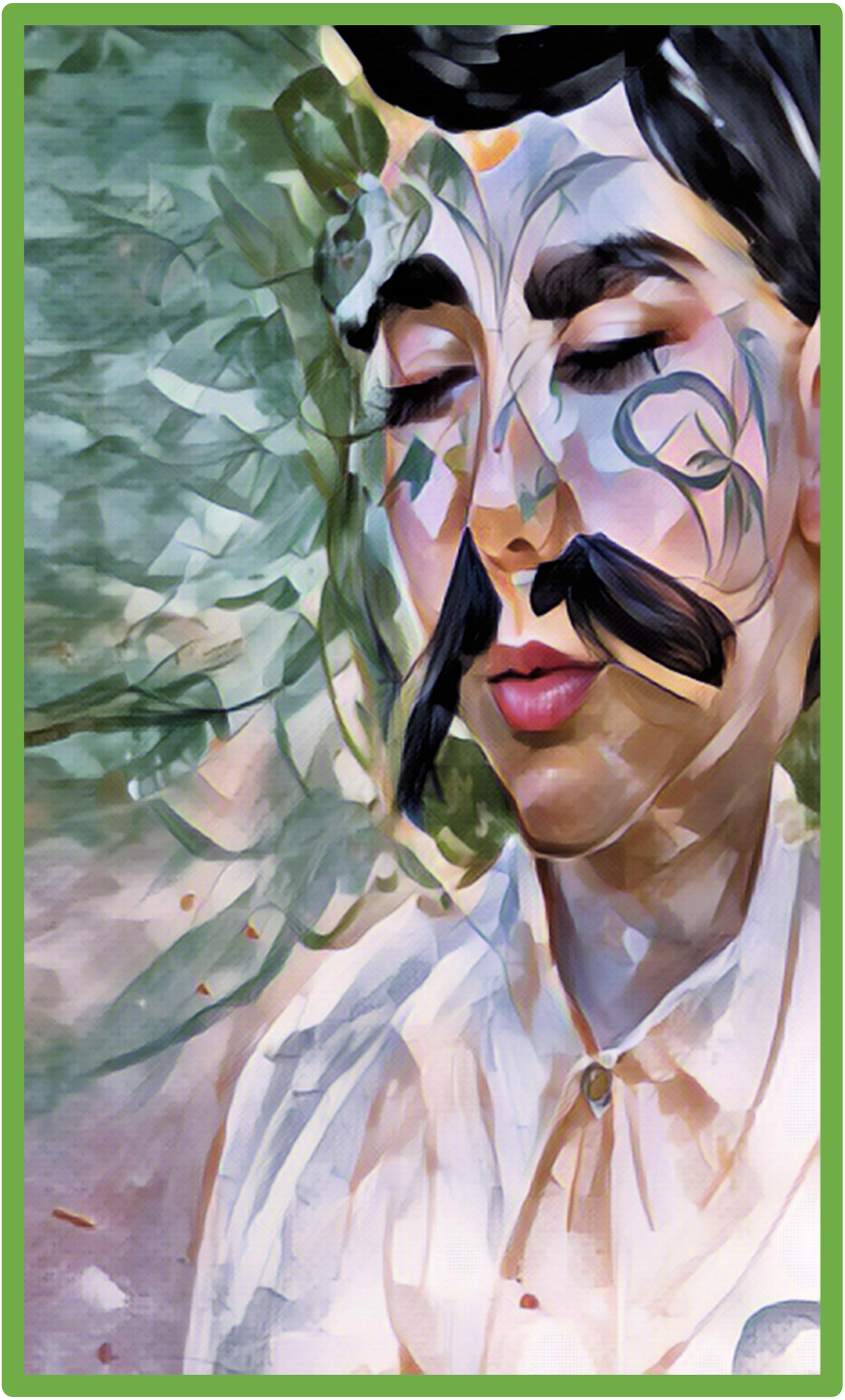


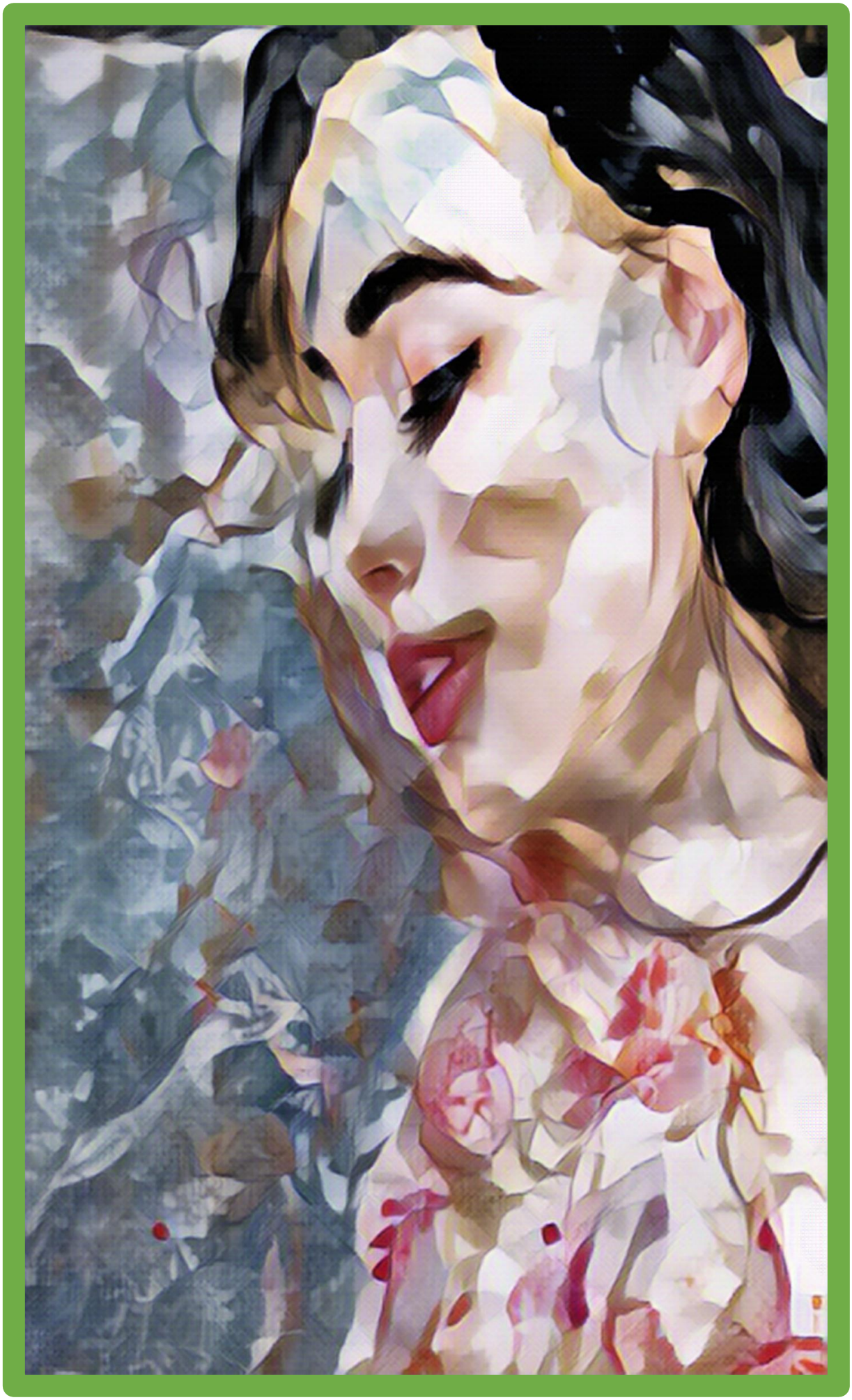


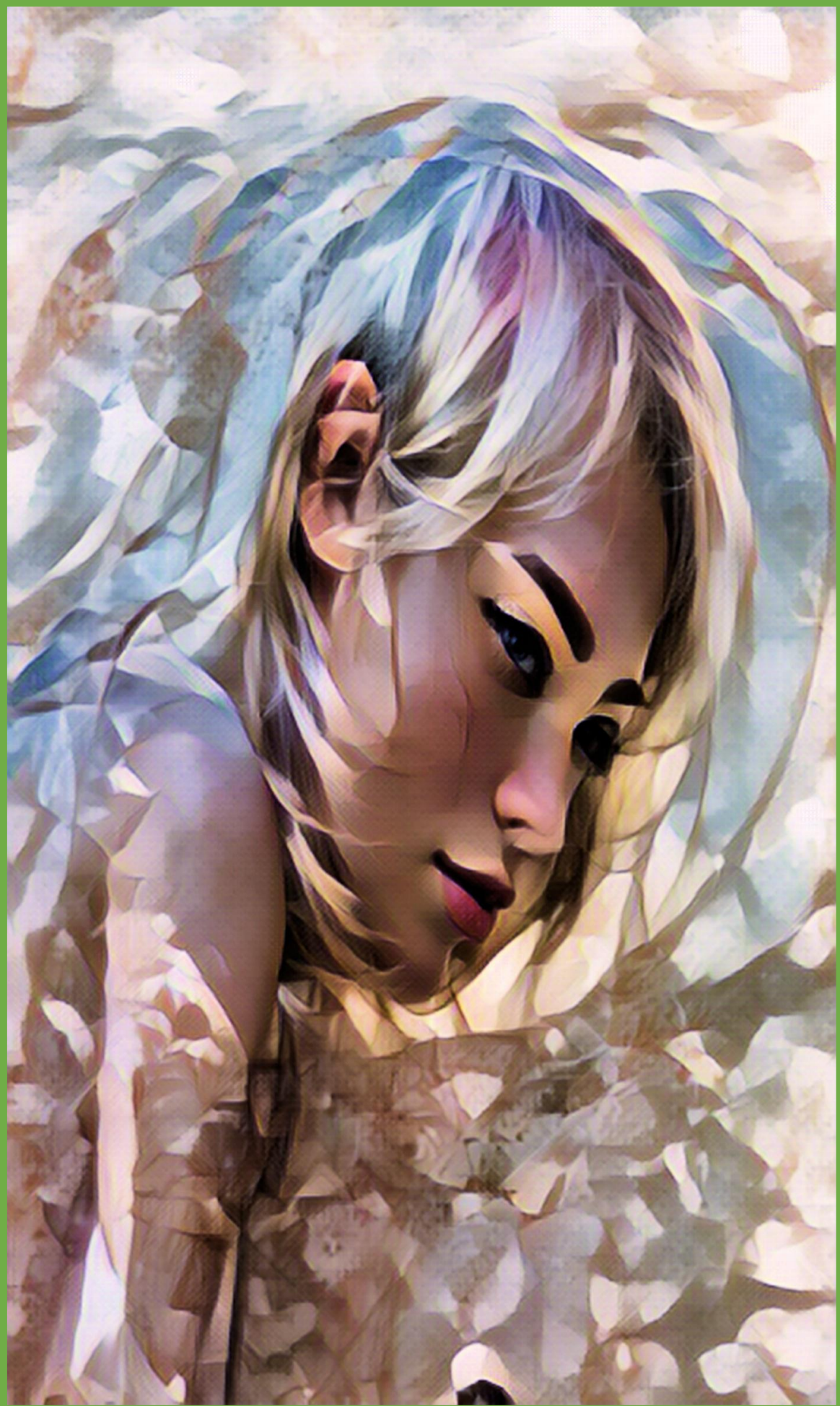


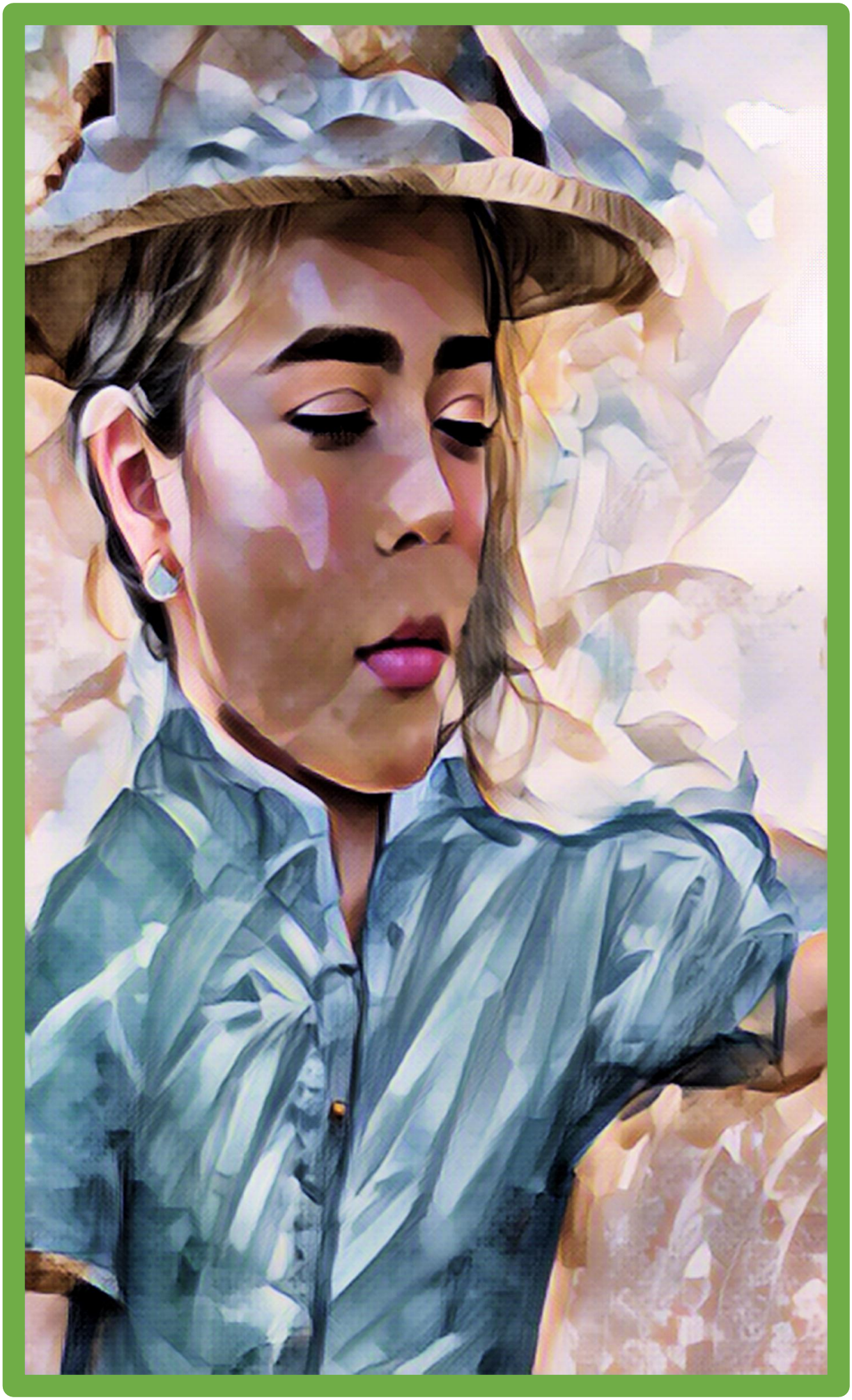


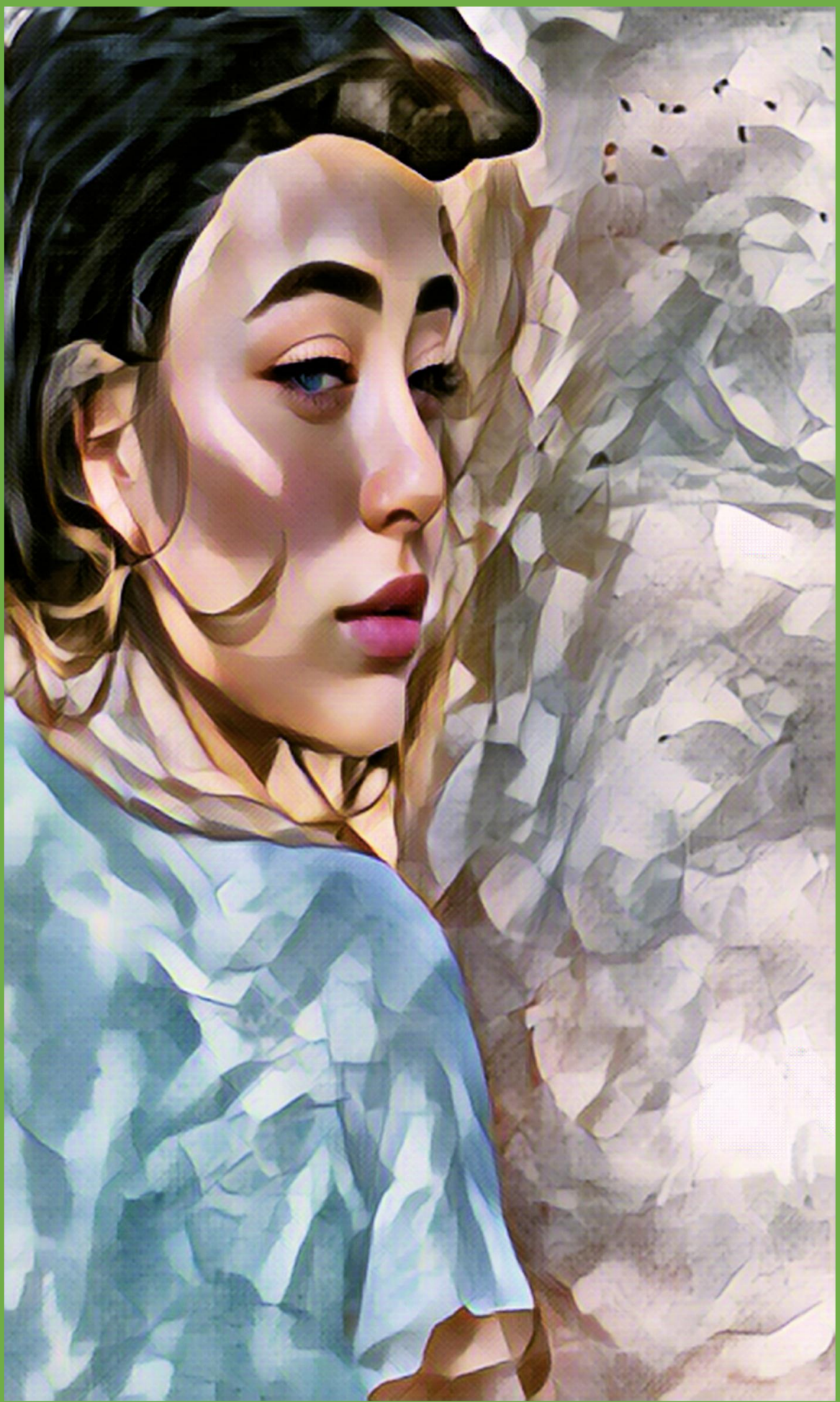


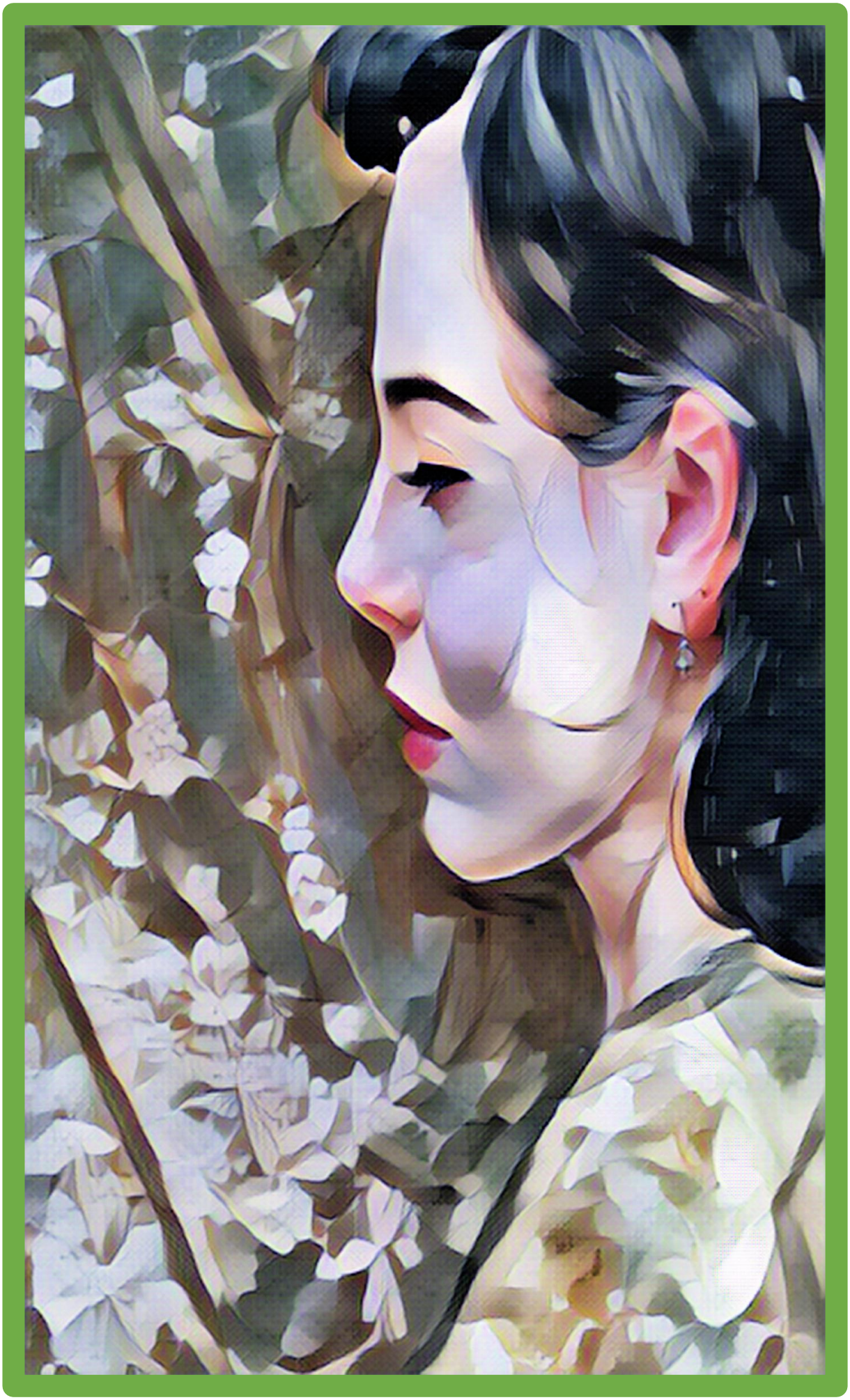


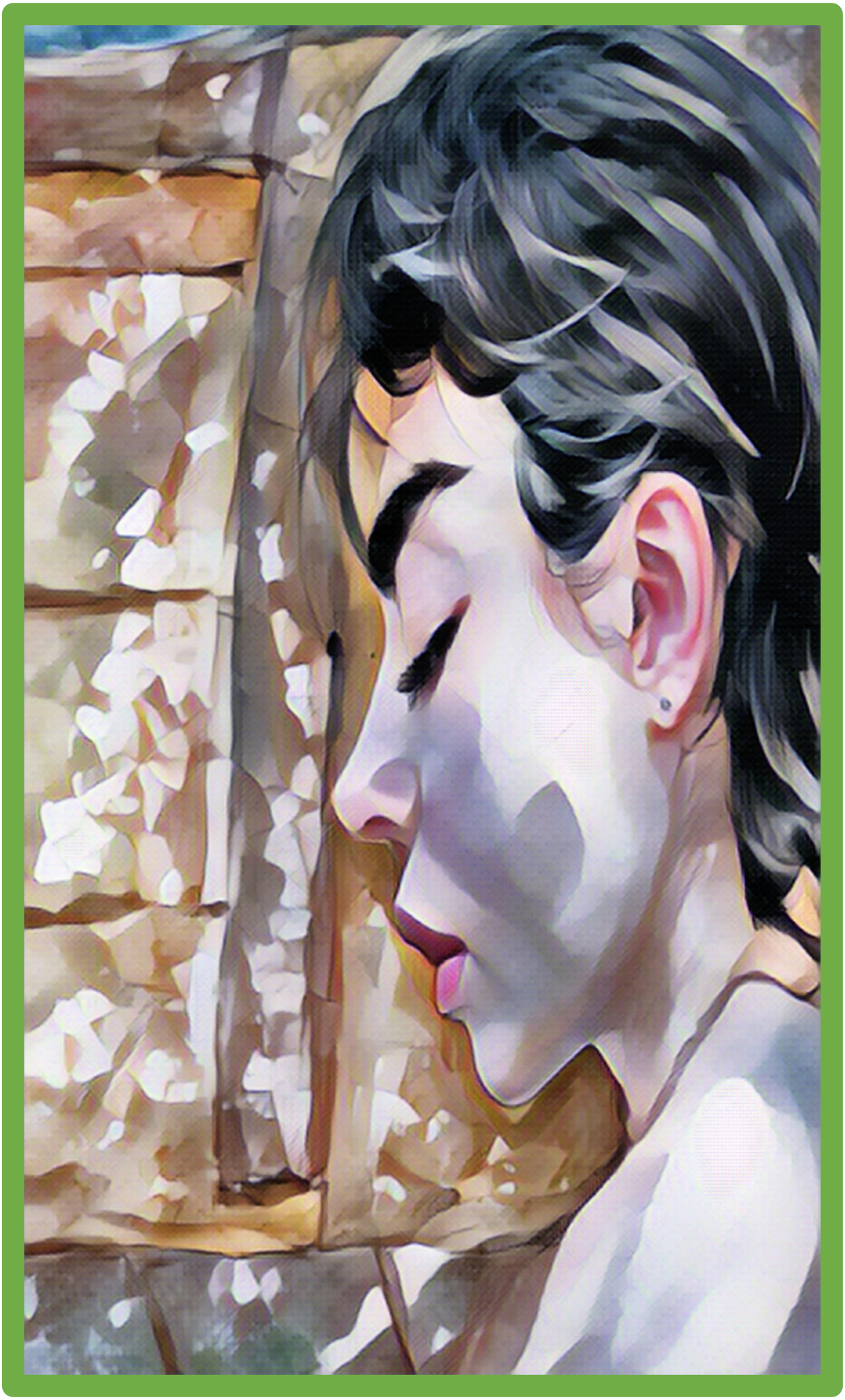


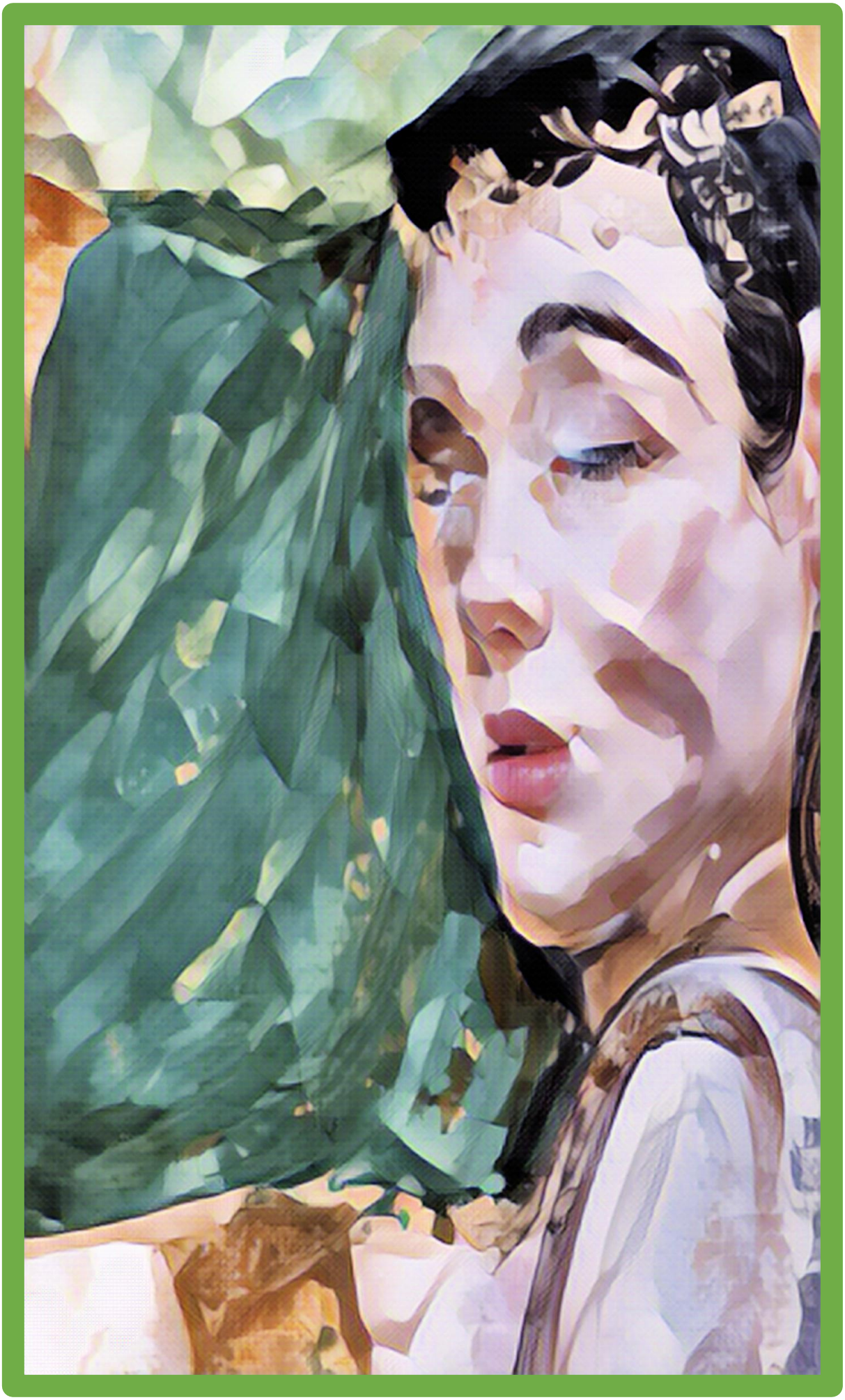


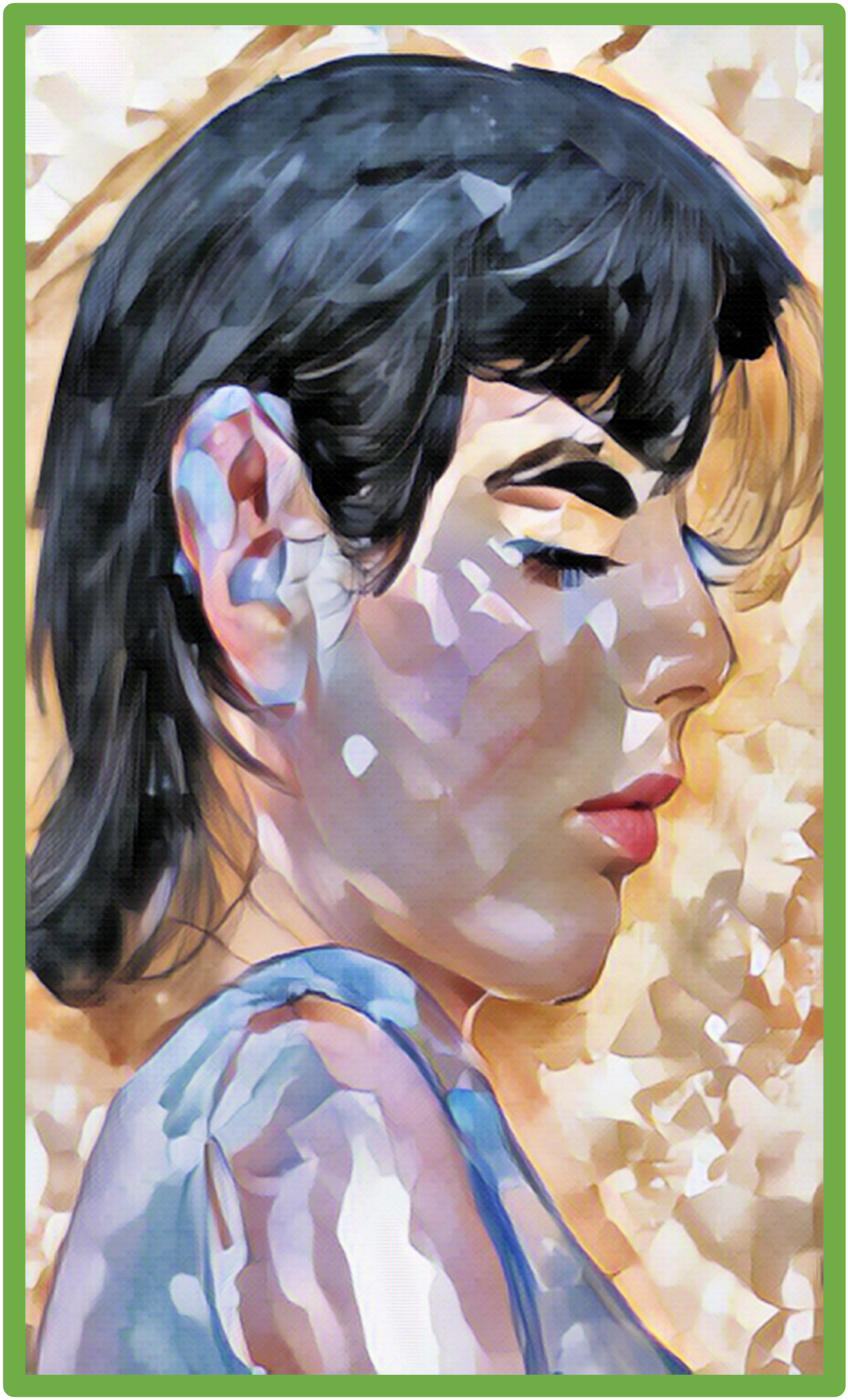


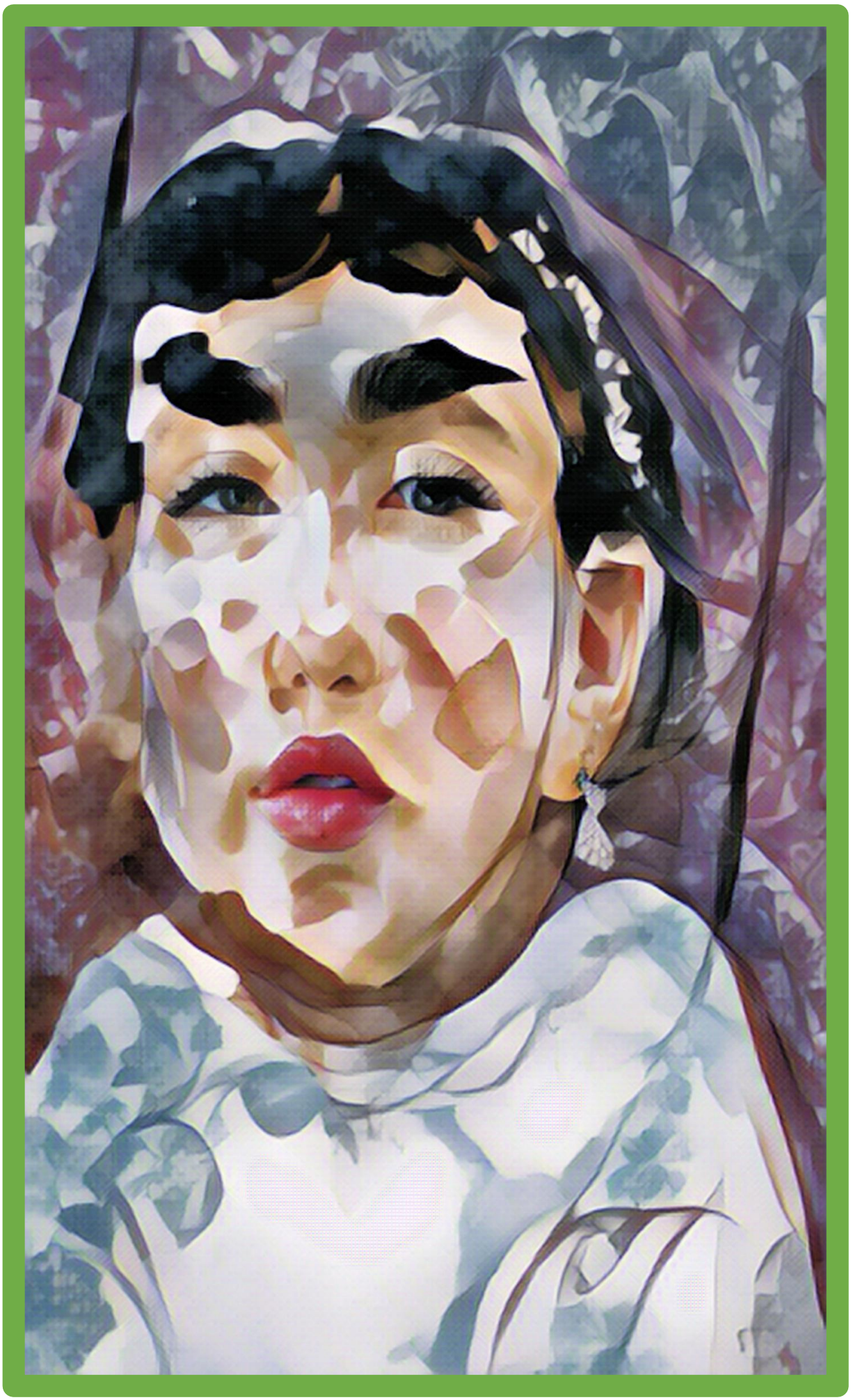


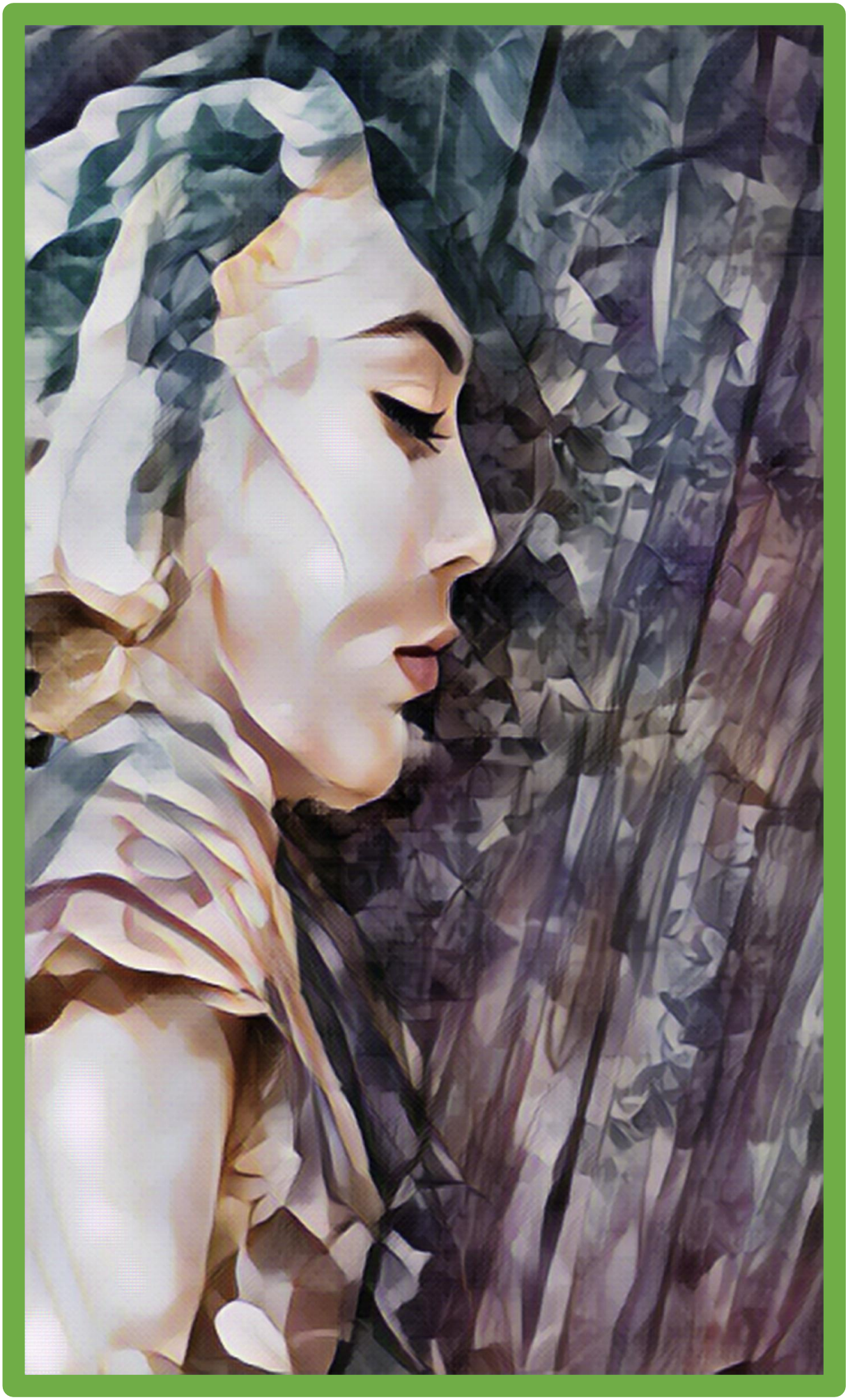


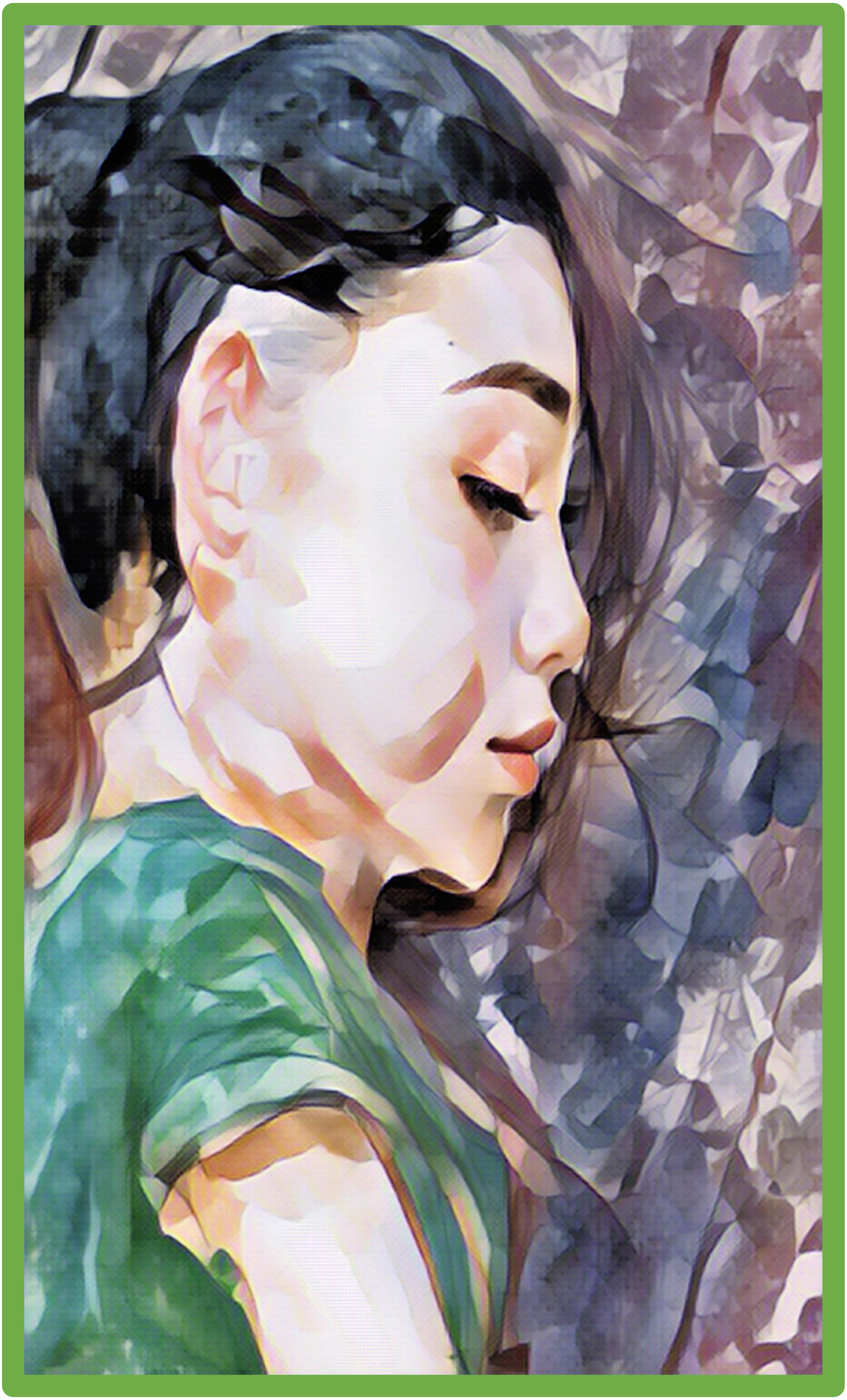


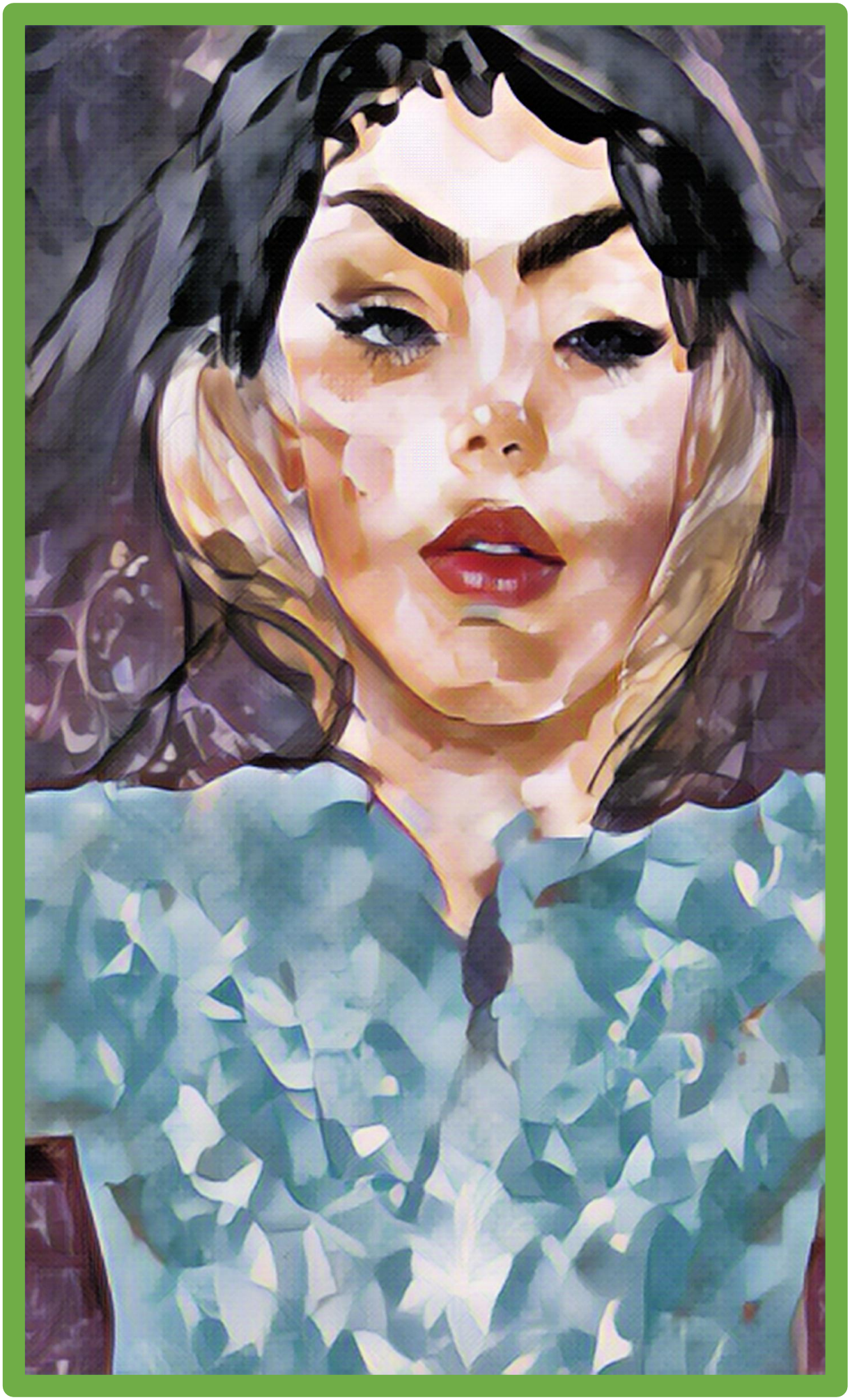


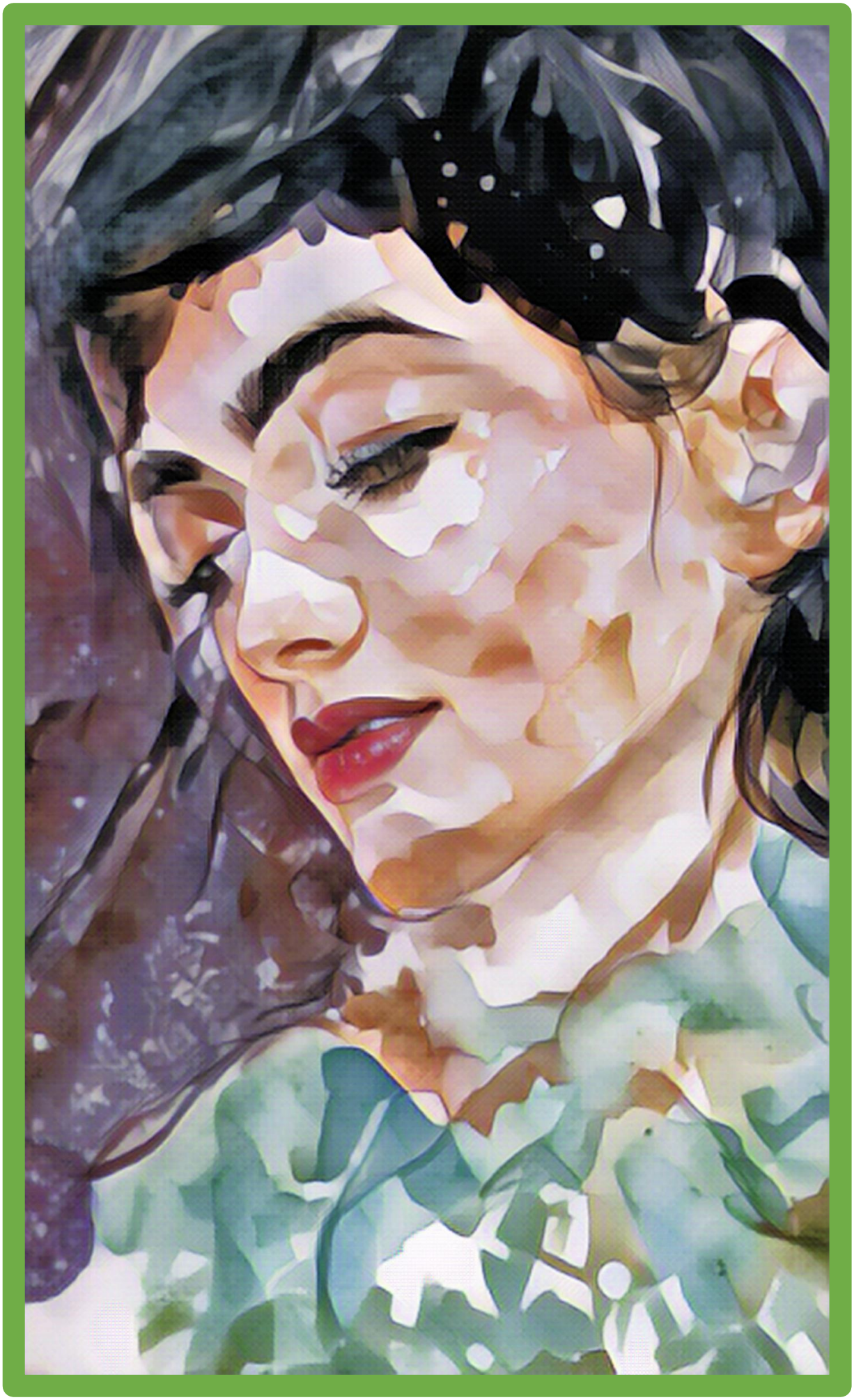


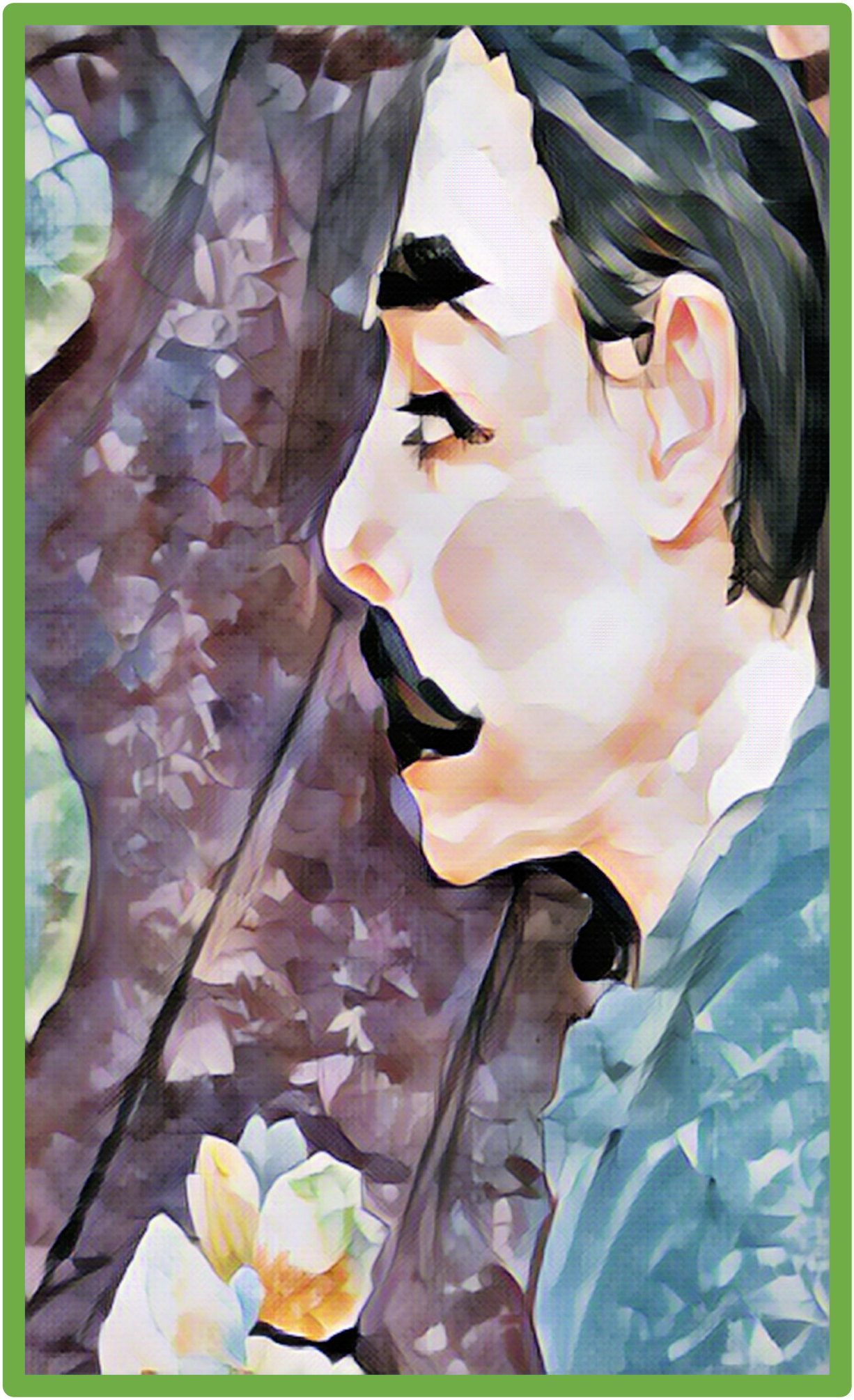


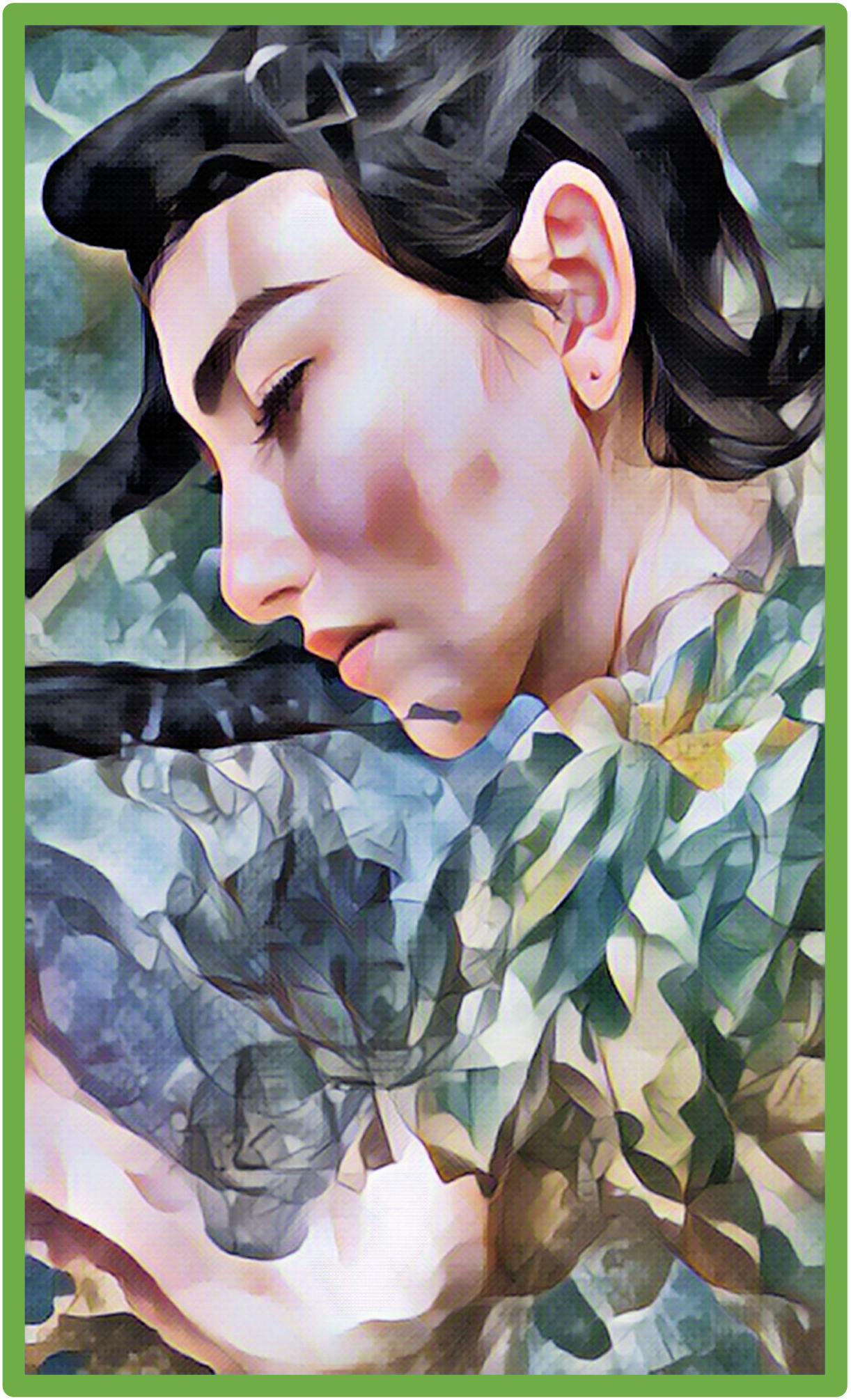


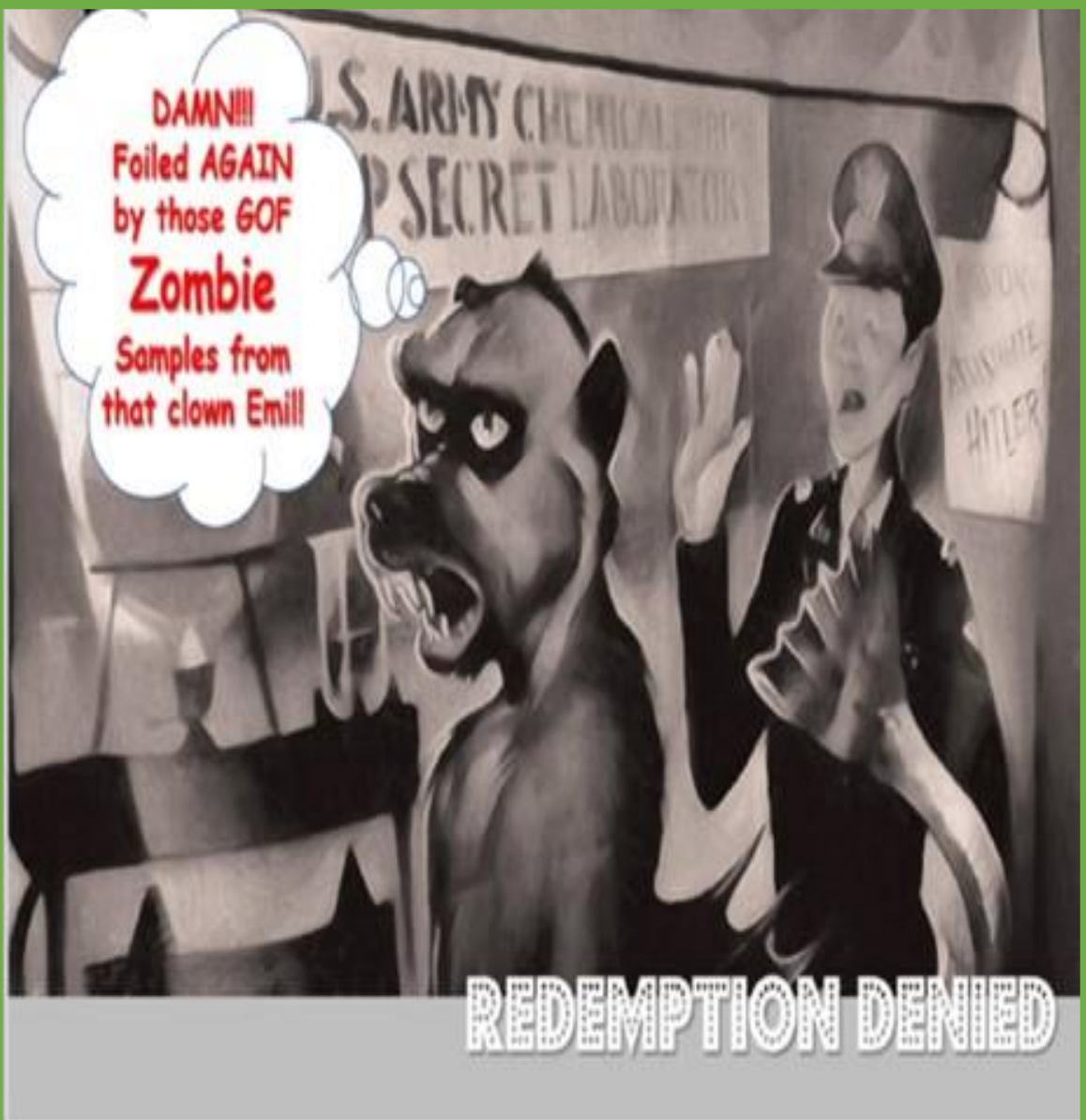












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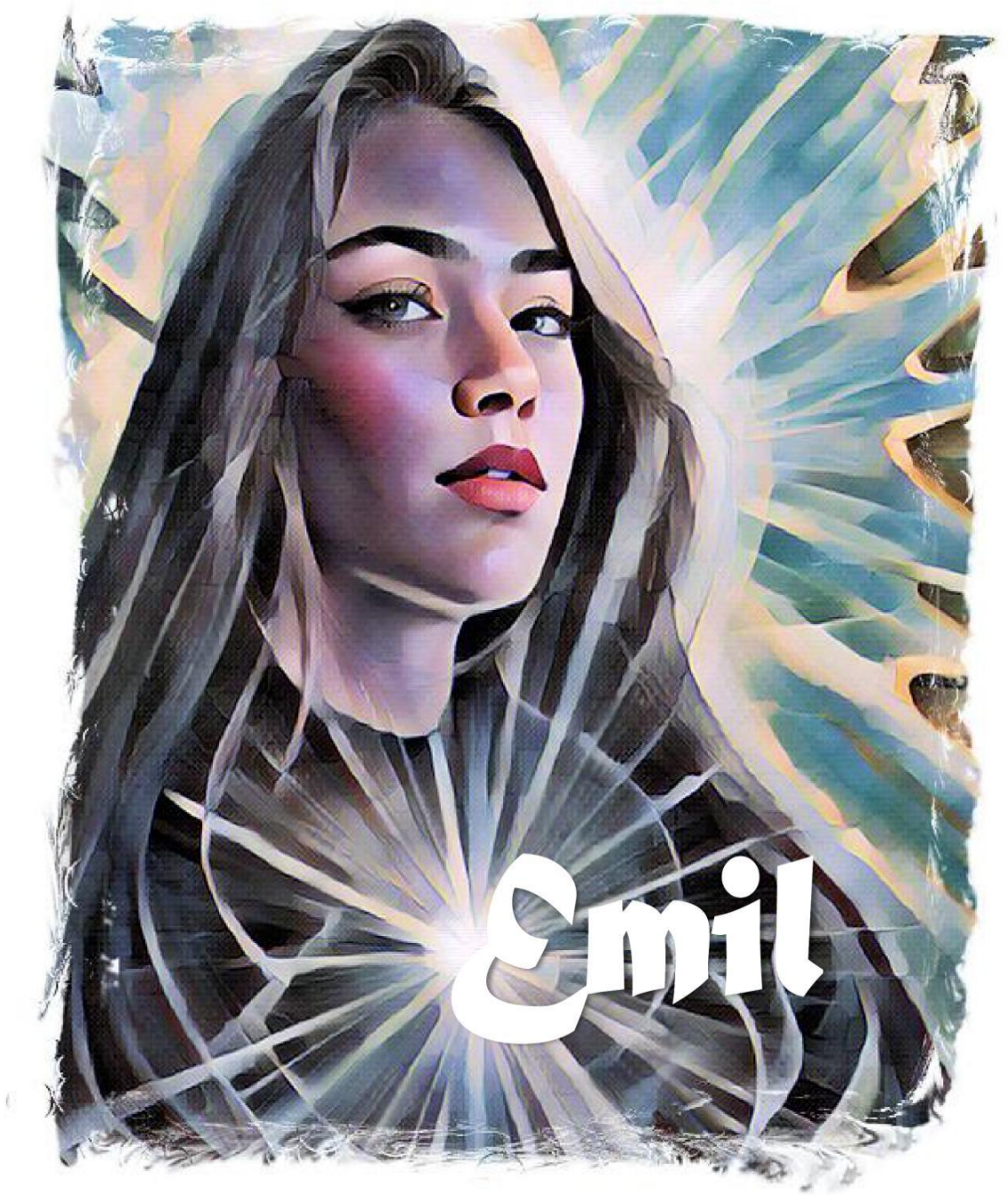

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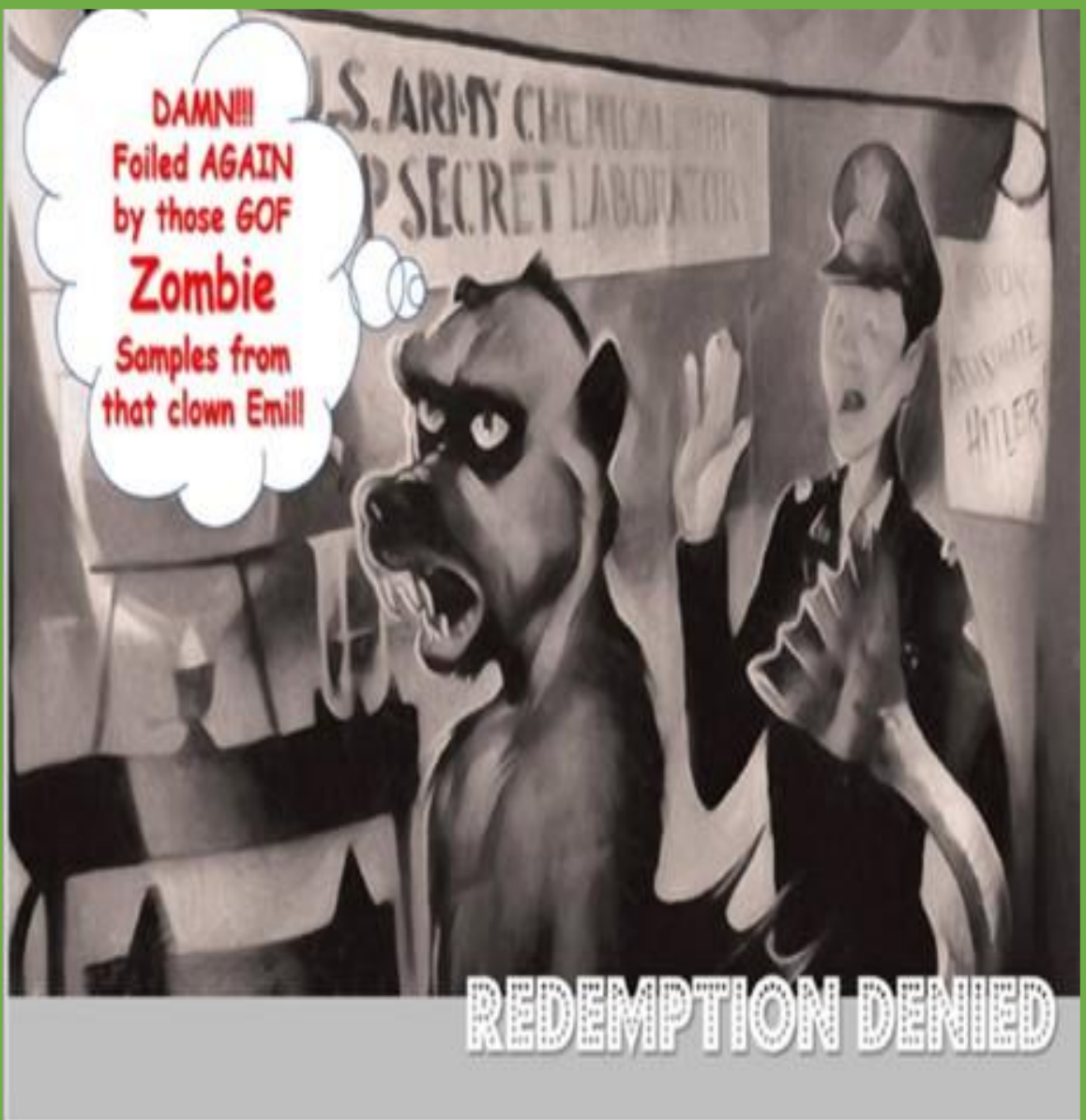

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